THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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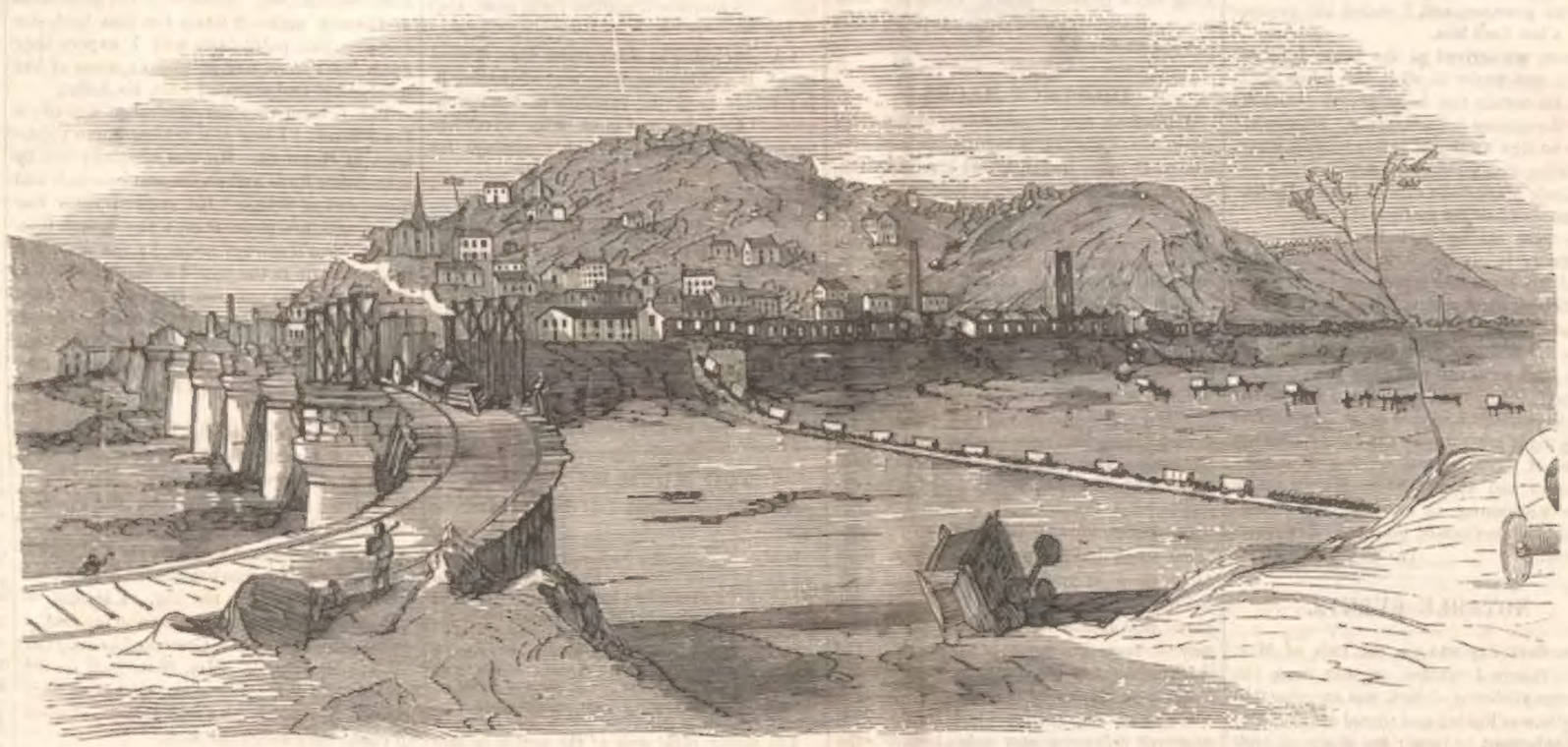

SCENE AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post, from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the advance of the Union Army, on their way southward.

Troops and supply trains are crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

SAUL TO DAVID.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.

"And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—*1 Samuel xvi. 14-23.*

Minstrel! can thy sacred lyre
Wake the notes of better days?
Canst thou quench the inward fire
With its soft and liquid lays?
O'er my soul the glooms are creeping,
In my heart the fiend is strong,
Will his spells dissolve in weeping,
Whilst thy music floats along?

Canst thou then the demon banish
By the magic of thy strain,
Bid remorseful fears to vanish,
Bring the angel peace again?
Canst thou soothe my lost heart's madness,
By the holy tones of love,
Bring one touch of tender gladness,
Like a ray from heav'n above?

Men have heard thy harp-notes pealing
Over Bethlehem's verdant vales,
Like some angel's anthem stealing
Softly on the twilight gales:
And they whispered that a power
Greater than of earth was thine—
Oh, then, in this bitter hour,
Wake for me that power divine.

Deeper still the glooms are falling!
Darker yet frowns dim despair!
Hope's sweet voice no more is calling
In the pleading tones of prayer;
Strike! e'er yet racked reason dying,
Fury mounts her shattered throne:
Then my soul, all hope denying,
May not brook the holy tone.

Minstrel! o'er thy brow's calm mildness
Inspiration's glories gleam,
And the poet's sacred wildness
Lights thy features like a dream;
Strike! and soothe my sad heart's aching,
Let the notes of heaven descend,
Softly rippling, gently waking
Like the love tones of a friend.

Ah! I hear the first notes falling,
E'en like tear-drops on me shed:
Like remembered voices calling
From the loved, the lost, the dead.
Ah! the dews of sweet affection
Melt once more my burning eyes,
In my breast dear recollection
Lifts her voice in broken sighs.

Founts of penitential feeling
O'er my cheek their drops diffuse,
Early Memory's waters stealing
Soft as summer's dawning dews;
Minstrel, thanks! thy holy numbers
Soothe me like an angel's strain,
In my heart all passion slumbers,
Peace, sweet peace, is mine again.

FRANK.

☞ The rebels, in their raid into Pennsylvania, gratified their spite against free institutions by destroying and defacing school houses wherever they fell in with them.

THE DEADLY AFFINITY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SUNSHINE.

I was an only son, and my parents died when I was very young—too young, indeed, to remember them, and I was placed under the guardianship of my uncle, Mark Haughton,—Squire Haughton, as the neighbors round about Haughton Tower used to call him; and Uncle Mark, as he was always known to me.

Haughton Tower—a large, square, battlemented country-house, was situated among deep woods in the north of Yorkshire, and the family of the Haughtons had lived there for many generations. My father and his brother Mark had been brought up together, and they had always been warmly attached to one another. When my father died, the affection of my uncle seemed to be wholly transferred to me. He was an old bachelor, but he treated me exactly as if I had been his son. But still to me, calling up the recollection of my early years, his memory seems less associated with the idea of a parent, than that of a gentle companion and a loving friend. He seemed never happy unless I was by his side, and until I was sixteen years of age, he superintended my physical and mental education himself. He was very fond of field sports, and whether shooting, fishing, or hunting, I was always with him. He was, moreover, tolerably versed in classics and mathematics, which we read and studied together; but his chief delight, within doors, was science, especially natural philosophy and chemistry. It is from this fact that I trace that deep love for science which has been, I may almost say, the ruling passion of my life.

Very few of the neighbors visited at Haughton Tower, and when my uncle went to any of the adjoining country seats, he left me at home. By this means, as I seldom, if ever, came into contact with persons of my own age, I grew up with precocious ideas and tastes, which gained for me, when very young, the title of "old-fashioned," and as I grew older of "eccentric."

Thus, then, it had fared with me, until I arrived at the age of sixteen, when my uncle one morning received a letter, which threw our quiet household into a state of excitement. In order to explain this matter, I must refer to an event which happened early in the life of Mark Haughton. He was engaged to be married to a very pretty cousin of his own. Both families were agreeable, and the two young people seemed mutually attached to one another. Why or wherefore it was never understood, but one morning it was discovered that the pretty cousin had eloped with a Captain Maurice—an officer, whom she had met at a county ball. Her father was extremely angry, and refused to see his daughter, or hear from her again. Poor Mark spoke very little about the matter, but he never said a word against his cousin, nor would he allow any one to do so, in his presence. Afterwards, when the poor runaway had written two or three heart-broken letters home, in which she said that her husband was going to India, and that she was going to accompany him, it was whispered that Uncle Mark had written her a letter, but what it contained, no one save himself and the recipient knew. These events occurred nearly twenty years before I ever heard anything of them, but the letter which now arrived at Haughton Tower seemed likely to bring forward again the circumstances of the past. The letter was dated from an hotel in London, and was written by a Captain Flemming, who had just returned on sick leave from Calcutta. A little girl had been intrusted to his care, and he had brought her to England. He was too unwell to proceed to Mr. Haughton's residence, but begged him to come up to town at once, and receive his charge. He also enclosed a note, which he expected would explain the matter more clearly.

The enclosed note was very small and was directed in a frail female hand to Mark Haughton. It ran as follows:

Cousin Mark—When every one else treated me with harshness and cruelty, you alone, who had been most wronged, looked with pity and kindness upon me. Your letter, with its promise, which I received just before leaving England, is not forgotten. You then said that "if ever it lay in your power to serve me, that I might rely upon you." That time has come. Major Maurice, my husband, whom misfortune seemed to mark as its own, is no more, and my physician says that I cannot survive him more than a few days longer. All my children are dead except one, my little daughter Mary, and she will now be left an orphan. I intrust her to you. I cannot send her to my father's house; those who have been so cruel to the daughter, will not be kind to the daughter's child. I rely on your generosity and goodness of heart, and I know that my hopes will be fully realized when I am dead. Good-bye! Cousin Mark. Forgive me, and may Heaven reward you!

Mary.

I, who knew nothing of the matter then, was astonished to see tears in my uncle's eyes, after reading this letter, and still more astonished when I saw him dash them hurriedly away, saying:

"God bless the woman! what on earth made her write to me in this way? It's impossible—she can't be dead. But in any case, I must be off to London at once. Take care of her child—of Mary's child? Of course I will—twenty of them, if there were as many! Here, Charlie, don't stand gaping at me in that way. See that my portmanteau is packed at once, and tell Thomas to bring the dog-cart round as soon as possible, for I want to catch the afternoon express for the south!"

I obeyed his orders, and soon after the dog-cart was brought round, and Uncle Mark, enveloped in great coats and mufflers, took his seat.

"Charlie," said he, leaning over, and speaking to me, just before starting. "I leave you as housekeeper until I return in a few days, and look here, Charlie, my boy, I'll probably bring home with me a little sister for you. See that you are kind to her, you young dog, or I'll pack you off, bag and baggage!"

"Never fear, uncle," I said. "Good-bye!" and away went the dog-cart, my uncle waving farewell to me, until I lost sight of him far down the avenue.

I thought over the matter of this little sister that my uncle had promised to bring home, but I could not realize the subject. I determined to wait patiently till he returned. After he had been absent for a week, I received a letter from him, in which he said that he would be still longer detained in town, and that he would write and tell me when he should come back. I had never been left so much to myself before, and I rather enjoyed my freedom. September was well advanced, and I went every day with one of the keepers, and knocked about the partridges to my heart's content.

Another week, or more, had passed away, and I had been all day on the moors, and with my gun on my shoulder was taking a short cut through the garden to reach the house, when I was suddenly startled by an unusual sight. A little girl dressed in mourning, with a very pale face, very black hair, and very large, soft black eyes, met me, as I turned a corner of the garden path. She carried in one hand a small bunch of newly-gathered blue flowers, which she was looking at admiringly, but, on hearing my footsteps, she stopped and we faced one another. I did not know which way to look, for I was very shy, and she seemed to scrutinize me so closely, that I believe I blushed. She was so different from any child or girl that I had ever seen before, that I was very much struck with her appearance. The buxom country lasses, and the dashing young amazons, whom I had seen and admired at the cover side, presented a strong contrast to the pale, fragile little form before me.

"I suppose you are Cousin Charlie?" she said, after a slight pause. She spoke in such a sweet, musical childish voice that I seemed somehow to have known it from infancy, and my heart appeared to respond to it at once. At the same time, she held out to me a tiny little hand that reminded me of some rare tropical shell with its delicate pink and white tints. I took it in my own, saying, bashfully:

"Charlie is my name, and you—you are my new sister. Am I right?"

"No—all my brothers and sisters are dead, and you are to be my Cousin Charlie, and I am your Cousin Mary, or Polly, as papa used to call me. You may call me which name you like."

"Cousin Polly, then—I am very glad to see you at Haughton Tower, and I hope you will be happy, but I fear you will find it dull."

"Don't be afraid about me, I am never dull when people are kind, and among these beautiful woods, and in this garden with its lovely flowers, how could any one be dull, cousin? I am so fond of blue flowers—what is the name of this one, with its long clusters of blue helmets? Are they not just like helmets?"

"We sometimes call it Juno's chariot.—See! when I pull away this petal, it is exactly like a fairy chariot drawn by two swans."

"Oh, how pretty! What a pity it is that it has no scent."

"Very few poisonous plants have any agreeable perfume, Cousin Polly, and that flower has another name—Monkshood, and it contains a deadly poison."

"How dreadful; but this other pretty blue blossom—with the golden heart, I am sure that is harmless—is it not?"

"Wrong again, Polly, that one is more hurtful than the other, and is known by scarcely any other name than the Deadly Nightshade."

She trembled from head to foot, and threw away the little bunch, saying:

"Surely, cousin, your English flowers are not all poisonous?"

"Oh, dear no, Cousin Polly; come with me, and I will soon gather you some that won't shock you."

We seemed to be on friendly terms at once, and wandered about for a considerable time among the gardens and shrubberies, which were very extensive. She was rather difficult to please, but some wild hare-bells and forget-me-nots, together with a moss-rose, pleased her extremely. We were still strolling about when we heard the dinner-bell sound from the house.

"Oh, dear me, Cousin Charlie, what have I been thinking about! Uncle told me to come out and try to find you, and to bring you back immediately. What will he say?—will he be angry?"

"It's quite plain, Polly, that you don't know Uncle Mark. He will only be too glad to see us. I am the most to blame, for I am sure he is anxious to see me, and in the search for your flowers I quite forgot all about him. Let us go back to the house at once."

I remember that, at that time, I thought the trembling fit which came over her, when I pointed out the baneful nature of Monkshood and Nightshade, showed an amount of nervous susceptibility belied by her self-possession. But when I learned afterwards that her poor father, Major Maurice, had put an end to himself by poison, it seemed perfectly to explain her emotion.

My uncle was delighted to see me, and especially to find that Mary and I were such good friends. He seemed never tired of gazing at the black-eyed little girl. I fancy that he saw in her features some traces of her whom he had loved,—long ago.

She was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, but knowing that she was the only "lady" in the establishment, she soon began to assume quite a matronly air. It was amusing to see the dignified air with which she took the head of the table at breakfast and tea-time, besides superintending the housekeeping, in her little way. Uncle Mark always treated her as if she were grown up,—listened to her with deference, and resigned his bunch of keys to her with an air at once of courtesy and pleasure.

Her presence produced a delightful pleasure for both of us, especially for me, who had never mingled in any female society. It was pleasant to listen to her musical voice while detailing her reminiscences of Calcutta and the East—of strange tropical trees and flowers, and of the dusky Bengalese. Then, again, she would tell us of her passage to England, and of the ideas she had formed of her new home, of Uncle Mark, and myself.

We got at last into a regular routine, and it seemed as if Cousin Polly had always been with us, and that we could not do without her.

Some months elapsed before Uncle Mark explained why he had been detained so long in London. He had been making arrangements for Mary Maurice's education. A governess had been engaged, who would soon arrive, and there was an excellent school at the neighboring town of Hetherington, where she could go for other masters. My uncle had also taken into account that since I had been so long at home, it was time that I went out and saw a little of the world. Full of these thoughts he had fortunately met with an old college acquaintance who was desirous of going on the continent for a year or two, and anxious to get a pupil to accompany him. The two friends soon came to terms, and I now learned that, in a fortnight's time, I was expected at the house of my uncle's acquaintance—the Rev. Mr. Ellis in London.

I was delighted with the news, and hardly knew how to control my excitement. Cousin Polly could not make it out at all. She could not see anything, she said, to be so pleased about. Surely I was happy where I was. And then she opened her large dark eyes and looked with a strange wistful gaze at me.

In due time I left Haughton Tower, and joined Mr. Ellis in London. I was amazed and positively enchanted with the town, never having seen any large town before, and, after a month's pleasant sojourn, we started for Paris, and from thence we went, by way of Brussels, up the Rhine, and from there into Italy.

We remained on the continent for two years, during which time I contrived to learn that England was not the whole world, and the hard angles of my character where knocked off. I heard regularly from my uncle, and sometimes I got a short note from Cousin Polly.

Time passed away, and the period at length arrived for my return. How strange it seemed to me after mingling in the busy world, after seeing so many different countries, after hearing so many different languages, to return to the little family circle at Haughton Tower. Still it was a relief, after the continual change of scenes and faces, to think that once more I was about to gaze on the well-known and well-loved haunts, and to meet once more the well-remembered smile and kindly voice of Uncle Mark.

It was close upon Christmas when I arrived at home. Home! what a cheering warmth there is about the very name! It was evening when I drew up at the hall-door, and my uncle met me on the steps. His face beamed with welcome, and although a little greyer than when I last saw him, he looked still the same dear old kind uncle I had left.

"My dear boy, I'm so glad to see you," he said, after drawing me into the comfortable, well-lighted study. "Come in, Polly, and I have done nothing but talk about you for the last month or two, and, Cousin Polly—Bless me, where's the little puss gone to? She has been watching for you, with me, on the steps for I don't know how long. Polly! Polly!"

And away went Uncle Mark to seek her. He was not long in bringing her into the room. But what a change had taken place. The little girl had grown up into a woman, seemingly. The long, thick jet-black hair I recognized, and the dark eyelashes which she never raised; but the change of climate and the bracing country-air had brought such a glow of health into her cheeks that it was no wonder that I scarcely knew her again.

Before the evening was over, however, we were all on a more easy footing. I had much to tell, and was spokesman nearly all the night. Somehow or other, although I addressed my uncle whenever I spoke, I felt that I was speaking to Cousin Polly. Whenever I looked towards her, thinking that she was looking at me, down went the eyelashes again, and the faintest suspicion of a blush flashed across her face. Ah, how beautiful she looked, sitting low down in an easy-chair by the genial fire on that quiet winter's night. How deeply did her beauty sink into my heart, and how dearly I love its remembrance now that many—many years are gone!

I found that my uncle did not go out as frequently in the fields as he was in the habit of doing formerly; not that he enjoyed his favorite sports less, but that he enjoyed the presence and sunny smiles of Mary Maurice more. When therefore I became once more a member of the household of Haughton Tower, I found, with great pleasure, that my uncle devoted a considerable portion of his leisure time to the pursuit of science. He had a room which was fitted up purposely for his studies, but it was only for experiments of a very limited character. Uncle Mark pursued science more as relaxation or a pleasure, than for any specific object to be

attained. He dipped into the surface of this abstruse subject, and skimmed over that, only extracting the little sweets of speculative philosophy as he passed. I was differently constituted, and always wished to carry out any experiments that we commenced to the end. Often when he had started some new project, I still continued endeavoring, with our limited means to pursue the original idea. Although my uncle confessed his inability to follow in the same path, still he did not conceal his admiration for my patience and perseverance.

Seeing the pleasure and interest which I took in the subjects which we had been studying, he advised me to go to London for a time, and there add more fully to my knowledge by experimenting in the best laboratories, and by attending lectures by the most eminent men of science. I was, of course, charmed with the proposal, and although it was only six months since I had returned from abroad, it was soon arranged that I had to go up to London on the earliest possible opportunity. The son of a neighboring gentleman had gone up to town a short time before. He was about to commence the study of medicine, and arrangements were made that I had to occupy rooms along with him. Fred Holdsworth was a light-hearted merry young fellow, about two years younger than myself, and with whom I had struck up a slight acquaintance in the hunting-field. I felt pleased to think that he was to be my companion.

There was consequently nothing but confusion and bustle for some time at Haughton Tower, for every one was making preparations for the departure of "the young squire," as I was called.

All the time that I had been at home, Cousin Polly and I had been remarkably good friends. It was so pleasant, as we sometimes said to one another, to have a brotherly and sisterly feeling towards one another. But we were mostly silent—provokingly and annoyingly silent—after making this assertion. When it was fixed that I had to go to London for another indefinite period, Cousin Polly grew unusually quiet, and sometimes when I met her gaze I recognized the same wistful, inquiring look in her eyes, that I remembered on my last departure. But now it made my face tingle, and as I looked, Polly turned away hurriedly, and was, or pretended to be, very busy with some preparations for my departure.

The day arrived when I was to start. It was a lovely afternoon in June, and as I was all packed up and ready for starting in the evening, I wished to take a stroll over the grounds before leaving. I sought out Cousin Polly, and asked her to accompany me as usual, but she was so busy with arrangements for my comfort in travelling, that she could not come then, but said that she would meet me in a short while, promising to join me at a favorite seat of ours, on a knoll, where three or four beech trees stood, outside of the garden, in the park.

I walked along leisurely through the grounds, taking a farewell look at the gardens, green-houses and arbors, and then went out into the park, where I lay down on the grass, under the shade of the beech trees where I had promised to meet Mary.

How calm and peaceful everything was. One or two lazy snow-white clouds flecked the clear blue sky above. There was not enough wind even to rustle the leaves overhead. The park stretched down the slope from where I lay, shadowless, until it reached the deep, dark wood which surrounded it about half-a mile away, and the many-leaved wood itself seemed motionless in the still, summer air. The only sound that broke the silence was the murmur of a little brook which wandered round the bend of the neighboring garden hedge. As I lay in the chequered shadow, lulled by the stillness of the scene and the musical murmur of the rippling stream, dreamy thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. How easy and smooth had the course of my life been, and how promising was the aspect of the future. When I came of age I should be in the possession of wealth. No trouble, no grief, no pain had ever crossed my path within my recollection, and my prospects were as bright and sunny as the scene around me. I was now about to pursue my favorite study, not for the sake of gain or ambition, but for the love of science alone. I longed to know more of the hidden secrets of Nature. I thirsted to drink a deep draught from that well at which I had hitherto only sipped. And yet, I thought, if I should make some great discovery—if my name should be added to the roll of fame—if it should be so. The murmur of the stream fell softer and softer on my senses, and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a sense of the air being perfumed, and a gentle, soft kiss was impressed upon my lips. At first I was scarcely conscious where I was; but I soon recognized the scene, and on looking round I saw Mary Maurice sitting by my side. She had taken off her hat, and her face was turned away from me, but I could see that her cheek and neck were suffused with a deep, rosy glow.

"Polly," I said, while a peculiar choking sensation prevented me from saying anything more. There was no answer, and still the little head, with the black, clustering hair, was turned away from me.

"Cousin Polly, you kissed me!" at length I blundered out.

Now the blushing face was turned towards me, and there were bright tears glancing in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, don't, Charlie—don't say anything more! I thought you were asleep—I did, indeed, cousin."

Need I go on—need I tell how in that still summer scene our hearts told their own secrets, and we vowed that we would love one another for ever and for ever.

As we walked back slowly to the house, she gathered some forget-me-nots, and gave them to me, saying—

"Take these, Charlie; you remember you [illegible] the first time that we met. I have them still; they are safely locked up in my writing desk. Now, I want to say something to you that will make you think me very silly, perhaps. Do you recollect that at our first meeting you told me that the flowers which I had gathered were poisonous?"

"Perfectly—what about them?"

"Well, there is something in my heart—don't laugh at me—that tells me now that you must beware of poisons. Pray do not interrupt me—I know that your studies will bring you in constant contact with poisonous substances, but it is not *that*—something in my inmost heart tells me that your future, your fate will be intimately linked and associated with poisons. Forgive me if what I have said seems idle fancy; but I cannot tell you how I have longed to warn you. I seem to have been prompted to do so by a power stronger than I could control. I know you will forgive me, and promise to—to beware."

I did promise; and I sealed the promise with a last fond kiss.

When we arrived at the house I did not inform my uncle of what had taken place, but I am certain that he suspected something from the change in our manner. However, I made no sign until just before leaving, when, in bidding him good-bye, I said:

"Uncle Mark, take care of Cousin Polly—take care of her *for me!*"

He took me by both hands, and gazed steadfastly in my face for a few seconds, and then fairly burst into tears.

"Heaven bless you, my dear boy," he said. "I have longed for many a day to hear this news. Don't stay long away, Charlie, but come back soon and make her your wife."

In an hour or two afterwards I was in the railway carriage, hurrying on to London, and as the night grew darker and darker, between pauses of sleeping and waking, I fancied that ever and anon I heard Mary's gentle voice whispering in my ear that strange warning—"Beware of poisons! Beware of poisons!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTABLE EVENTS.

The dark day was on the 19th of May, 1780. Where I resided at that time, the darkness at eleven o'clock was so great that a candle was lighted and placed on the table; the fowls went to roost; the sheep all huddled around in a circle with their heads inward. The grass, to look at it through the window, seemed of a yellow green, the same as to look through smoked glass upon green grass.

I well remember that the gentleman of the house read the following scripture by the candle to his numerous family:

"The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great notable day of the Lord's coming."

The darkness was so great in the night time that it was said by one Doctor Blackington, who had resided near the northern part of Rehoboth, who had occasion to be out among sick patients that night, that he could not see his white pocket handkerchief placed before his eyes. The darkness was so thick that it could be felt.

The year 1780 was celebrated for its many northern lights; they covered the whole horizon over; they would flash like lightning, and fill the air with the smell of sulphur. The lights were so red, that the flashes would bring warmth against the face.

The great snow fall was in December, 1779, or January, 1780. It snowed seven days; the snow was estimated to be four feet on the level, and the drifts from eight to ten feet high. The snow came moist and coarse, and it was so cold that it congealed very hard. The people travelled over stone walls with their teams. It is said to be a fact that for thirty days the snow did not melt from the eaves on the sunny side. The banks were so high that sheep were buried up in them, and there remained for forty days, until they were found by their air holes, and dug out alive.

This year the whole of the Narragansett Bay was frozen over so thick and hard, that the late Honorable John Brown passed from Providence on the river of ice, to Newport and back, and I believe some went on skating parties the whole range. General William Valentine sleighed wood from Fall River to Newport, on the ice, through Bristol Ferry.

The people of Newport burnt their furniture to keep themselves from freezing. The British army had left the island of Rhode Island in November, 1779, and stripped the people of all their valuables. In a manner the years of 1779 and 1780 were the hardest winters known for a century last past.

The weather was so severe in the winter of 1780, that many people were frozen to death. A man went from Attleborough, Mass., with a load of hoops to Boston, was caught in a great storm, and returning home, was frozen to death, coming off Boston Neck. His ox team was frozen to death, and was found standing on their feet, as the snow was deep enough to support them.—*Recollections of Other Days.*

WRITING EDITORIALS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The editor of the St. Paul Pioneer, having charged that an article in Mrs. Swisshelm's paper was written by one of her male admirers, is brought to in the following style:

"We will engage to send this adept in tracing earmarks the manuscript copy of the article, with the affidavit of the compositor who kept running after it, calling 'copy' as we wrote on the table beside the unwashed breakfast dishes, in the interval of making dough, moulding it into loaves, heating the oven, putting it in, keeping up the fire, and watching and turning the pans."

☞ "Is it not astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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DISTINCT RACES.

Armstrong, one of the officers of the rebel steamship Alabama, is reported to have spoken to Captain Hagar, whose merchant vessel was recently captured, as follows:—

"We are nothing to each other as countrymen. The North and South are now distinct races, with no feelings or interests in common. The people of the South are the only true representatives of the American race. You of the North have intermarried so much with the lower classes of Europeans that you have, in a great measure, if not altogether, lost your nationality, and are not worthy to be considered of the same people as ours."

The "American race"—what race is that? Did not the ancestors of the Southern people come from Europe—or are they all the descendants of Pocahontas?

De Tocqueville, whose book on "Democracy in America," published many years ago, is the most profound and impartial work written on the subject, says: "I could easily prove that *almost all* the differences which may be remarked between the characters of the Americans in the Southern and Northern States have originated in slavery."

We think De Tocqueville is right. That whatever difference now exists between the people of the South and of the North is the result of their differing institutions, modified in some degree by the difference of climate. That difference, however, is not greater than what prevails between Englishmen and Scotchmen, or even between the inhabitants of different portions of England. It even is not greater than that which exists in the South itself between different portions of its people. Thus there is a greater difference between the poor whites of the Carolinas and the slaveholding classes, than there is between those slaveholding classes and the cultivated classes of the Northern states.

But diversity of physical or intellectual character is no reason for disunion—it is rather a cause of union. The records of friendship, love and matrimony abound with proofs of this. It is only when the diversity extends to the great bases of religious and political belief, that it is apt to produce discord. Thus when the present Union was formed, although the institution of slavery existed, the great leading minds of the South both in politics and religion, held that it was an evil, which was to be got rid of as soon as it safely could be done. If they had held the views which of late years have been professed almost universally in the South, there never would have been any Union formed; because this difference extends so deep, even to the very foundation of politics and morals, that the diversity instead of pleasing—as small diversities generally do—becomes a source of dislike and exasperation.

Therefore, although we do not agree with the rebel doctrine that the Northern and Southern people now constitute two races, we do think it probable that if the rebels should succeed in establishing a great slaveholding aristocracy, the differences in character between North and South would go on widening with every successive generation. And it seems to us that as a natural consequence of this great diversity of character and principles, frequent quarrels would result, leading to war upon war, until one nation or the other should be completely subjugated. Much therefore as we dislike war, it seems to us better that the quarrel should be fought out and thoroughly finished now, rather than that such a bloody inheritance should be bequeathed to our children to afflict and desolate them, it may be, for centuries, and end in the utter overthrow of our present Republican institutions.

ANOTHER BLUNDER.

It is about a weekly task to chronicle the blunders of the *London Times* relative to American affairs—we call them blunders, as we like to err, when we err at all, on the side of charity. In a recent homily upon the terrible condition of American financial affairs, the *Times* says:—

"For deposits of gold for forty days, to be repaid in coin, Mr. Chase offers interest at the rate of 36 per cent. per annum, and if the war continues necessities of the same kind will exact even higher terms."

Now the fact is that instead of 36 per cent., Mr. Chase pays exactly at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum; or just *one-ninth* of what the *Times* says he is paying.

In a paper professing to accuracy such misstatements are disgraceful. But how is it that the *Times*, if honest, never blunders in favor of the Union cause? Its errors are, to say the least, suspiciously one-sided.

A WARNING.

We give in our news columns an account of the shooting of ten rebels by General McNeil in Missouri, in retaliation for the murder of an Union citizen.

While we know too little to say anything of this particular case, we think it a proper opportunity to express our disapproval of the adoption of measures of an unnecessarily sanguinary character. After a rebellion reaches a certain point, severity on the one side merely provokes severity on the other; nothing being gained by it to either. No one certainly can wish the bloody scenes of the first French Revolution introduced into the United States. Let our generals astonish us by the celerity and vigor of their military operations, and in this way work out the salvation of the land. But let them and all of us be true to the character which we hope we have acquired, as a people slow to shed blood for mere wrath's sake, and who prefer to err, when they do err, on the side of mercy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We noticed the following advertisement in a newspaper last week:—

A GENT GOING AS A SUBSTITUTE for a drafted man will sell a magnificent 7 octave carved rosewood Piano. Will be sold at an enormous sacrifice if applied for at once. Call at 710 Arch street.

"A *gent* going as a substitute for a drafted *man*," is a rather amusing way of putting it. It reminds us of the anecdote of the coachman—"Are you the man who advertises for a gentleman to drive his carriage for him?"

Here is another:

WANTED TO HIRE.

A GOOD FARMER, capable of driving a single team, to haul manure, &c., with a wife; she is to take charge of a small dairy and make the butter for the family use.

One might infer from the above that it was the wife who was to be the "single team," and used to haul manure with—in addition to taking charge of the dairy, making the butter, &c. But we suppose it is not so.

TOO MUCH OF THIS.

An army correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says:—

It is now generally believed that the rebels are falling back towards Eadensville. Unless they can be overtaken by a rapid movement down the east side of the mountains, no battle will be fought this side of that place.

It matters but little, however, where the enemy makes his stand, *certain defeat and complete overthrow must be his portion, in a battle with the grand army now moving into Virginia.*

The strong right arm of the nation is here extended, and on whomsoever it shall fall, the same shall be ground into powder.

We thought every one understood by this time that there had been already too much of this foolish and even impious kind of talk. A nation which would universally talk that way, would deserve to be beaten. In the name of our great and noble cause let us have no more of it.

WIRE FENCES DANGEROUS.

In England, it would appear, wire fences are considered dangerous. How is that, our agricultural readers may ask. The explanation will be found in an extract from a speech recently delivered by a noble Duke at the dinner of the Leicestershire Agricultural Association. The report says:—

"The noble Duke also adverted to the fox-hunting for which the country round Melton was famed. He complained that the custom of erecting wire fences was greatly injuring sport, as they were extremely dangerous to the horses and to human life."

We should not be surprised if as soon as the matter is properly understood, there is a great demand for wire fences by the farmers of England.

AMERICAN DRINKS.—Our readers probably have no idea of the numerous names under which tipple is served to the thirsty in the United States. An advertisement, which recently appeared in an English paper, may however enlighten them a little. The following is an extract from said advertisement:—

"*American Drinks.*—Mint Julap, Kisses, Gin-Sling, Ladies' Squeeze, Europa's Tipple, Old Abe, Mrs. Davis, Hebe's Nectar, Cocktail, Shaker's Glory, and other fashionable liqueurs, in bottles, 2s. 6d. each; or 22s. per doz."

It will be noticed that all the above are not only "American drinks," but "*fashionable* liqueurs" also. No wonder that John Bull so frequently exclaims, "vot a country!"

☞ TIT FOR TAT.—At a negro theatre in Cincinnati the printed programme has the following liberal announcement: "Take notice—a portion of the upper tier has been reserved for respectable white folks, at half price."

☞ A poet, who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner:—"Baldness (he says) is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of the ladies?"—*Punch.*

☞ Because (as Hazlitt says) "the unknown is the natural element of genius," some writers seem to think that obscurity and sublimity are the same thing! They write what nobody can understand, and expect on that account to be thought vastly deep. And so they are. But there is depth to mud as well as to the ocean, and intelligent readers know it.

☞ On a fly-leaf of one of Shakspeare's plays these lines were discovered some years ago in the green room of an English theatre:—

Shakspeare, 'tis said by some, stole deer;
Oh, shame! I don't believe the story;
Yet *harts* are deer, and *hearts* he stole,
Which makes the theft his *dearest* glory.

☞ The rebel generals must be a drunken set. The Richmond papers say that General Branch was drunk at Hanover Court House, Magruder was drunk at Malvern Hill, and now the Grenada Appeal ascribes the defeat at Corinth to the drunkenness of Van Dorn.

☞ Our veracity is reckoned by what flows from the mouth, while our voracity by the amount we put into it!

ARTEMUS WARD IN CANADA.

I'm at present existin' under a monikal form of gov'ment. In other words I'm travelin' among the crowned heds of Canady. They ar'n't pretty bad people. On the con'try, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Tornoto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mighter. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of 'em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral Halleck walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

Monk has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. But this has nothing to do with Monk.

One of Lord Monk's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss Monk. Mrs. Ward will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slapjacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intelleck, which can grasp great questions at once. I am not a Webster or a Seymour. I am not a Washington or a Wadsworth. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as Henry Ward Beecher. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin'-House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the sliteat idee as to what the review was fur, I *will state that the sofars looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.*

Come with me, jentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is built on a variety of perpendicular hills, each hill bein' a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Jo. Montcalm the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many measles for Montcalm, and the French was slew'd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named George Dalhousie, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary war B. Arnold made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. Arnold's funeral had come off immediately on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was once some tall fitin, and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin' the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' 'em to intelligent American towerists. Takin' a profeesional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lofty character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of Henry Wilkins, the boy murderer. Henry had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle Ephram and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this statooe was lost somehow, and not sposin' it would make any particler difference I substitooted the full-grown statooe of one of my distinguished pirats for the boy murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the statooe, "this is a lifelike wax figger of the notorious Henry Wilkins, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle Ephram in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' murderers for nephews. When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin'."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figger represented Henry Wilkins as a boy. Now, Henry was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man! How's that?"

"The figger has growd, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, *I'm in favor of the Union as it wasn't.* But the Union, anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtoous! I who am the emblem of virtoo, tell you so.

(Signed) A. WARD.

—*Vanity Fair.*

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GENEVA.

How desolate this stormy autumn day!
So like my heart! Cold clouds of leaden gray
Darkly enshroud the gloomy, cheerless sky.
No smiling ray of sunshine beams on high;
Unceasingly against the window-pane
Comes the dull patter of the dreary rain;
So ceaselessly descend my tears of woe—
Joy's cloudless sunshine I no more shall know.
That grieving wind! How through each empty room
It wails like orphans o'er a parent's tomb.
'Tis almost more than I can bear—that moan
Of desolation—and I here alone.
And he—wasting beneath a southern sod—
That form so beautiful, so loved—oh, God,
Help me to bear it! Why was he so soon
Taken from life, ere life had reached its noon?
Why am I left to linger out alone
A living death, when life itself is gone?
Hush, hush, my heart! be still! it will not be
Forever, this dark night of misery.
Hope beckons from beyond the ghastly tomb,
Saying "Thou hither, too, shalt shortly come;
"Mourner, suppress thy tears. Look up to me.
"Tears blind thine eyes that me thou canst not see."
But, ah, these gloomy skies! this beating rain!
The winds' sepulchral, desolate refrain!
I'm not so wretched on a sunny day,
When Heaven is smiling, and when earth is gay—
Then I can stay my tears—can sometimes smile,
A weary smile enough; and, to beguile
The lagging time and ease the aching smart
Of this slow-beating, desolated heart,
Can hum a plaintive song; meanwhile, my hands,
With busy toil, help life's slow-dropping sands
To seem to hasten. Then, at times, a ray
Of light shines on my path, and I can say
With a warm glow of patriotic pride,
"'TWAS FOR MY COUNTRY THAT MY HUSBAND DIED."
Not so in days like this. I sit alone
And listen to the wild winds' hollow moan,
And gaze out on the cheerless autumn sky,
And weep, and wildly wish that I might die.

THE GUILLOTINE.

A foreign journal, in an article against the punishment of death, publishes the following curious details:—"When, at the end of the last century, the terrible machine of Dr. Guillotine made its appearance, it gave rise to great controversy among the faculty throughout Europe. The inventor pretended and believed that death by his instrument was easier than by any other means, and that the rupture of the vertebra, the nerves and all the organs of the head killed the whole body at once and instantaneously. Several experiments were made at Vienna. Some prisoners were to be executed, and several medical men, who had already disputed the correctness of the statement of Dr. Guillotin, obtained permission to remain on the scaffold during the execution, and when a head was cut of it was delivered to them. The first was that of a young man. The eyes were closed, and the tongue protruded. Eight minutes were allowed to expire, when the tongue was pricked with a pin, when it was drawn in, and the face made a grimace indicative of pain. The second was that of a woman. The eyes were open, and their supplicating looks were accompanied by many tears. Fourteen minutes after the execution the eyes turned toward the side from whence the woman's name was called. A third head was that of the most guilty of the criminals. A slap was given to the face, when the eyes opened, the face flushed with an indescribable expression of anger and ferocity, and a shudder of anguish was visible on the neck being touched."

☞ A singular feat was accomplished by a little boy, not long since, who fell into a coal shaft at Mascoutah, Ill., while scuffling with another boy. He was precipitated one hundred and fifty-three feet to the bottom, but striking the water, was not injured beyond a thorough sousing. He was drawn out safely, ran home and changed his clothes, and in forty minutes from the time of the accident was back again, as though nothing had happened.

☞ Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

☞ There are men who chew misfortunes as asses chew thistles.

☞ Every man strong enough to carry a gun should own one, and know how to use it. There is no knowing what may happen.

☞ After one of Dr. Lamball's last operations the resident student stood looking at the two pieces of mortality lying on the surgeon's table. "What are you doing, sir?" sharply asked the surgeon. "I was waiting for you to point out which piece is to be put to bed and which is to be buried."

INNER LIFE OF FRANCE.

CONTEMPT FOR AMERICANS—IGNORANCE OF THE BETTER CLASSES—HOW THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IS TAUGHT MANNERS—HOW THE PARISIANS ECONOMISE—DETAILS OF A FRENCH HOUSEHOLD—LITTLE DIFFERENCES IN HABITS—WASHING-DAY.

PARIS, October 6.

Until I had been a many years' resident of France I could not comprehend the contempt felt by Europeans for all Americans. Until the war broke out very few knew enough of the geography or history or politics of the country to make any difference between North and South. To be an American was sufficient. Those who travel a few months from city to city, and live in American hotels, or those who come in families and live by themselves, not understanding the language well enough to talk with the people in general, do not learn this. Servants and shopkeepers pay them great deference for the money they so foolishly lavish, and they think in their complacency that they are really honored. It has never occurred to them that the name of American should not be enough to secure respect even more than ordinary.

In newspapers and books they are stigmatized as a money-making, mercenary people, without heart, soul or sentiment; and judging by themselves, they cannot understand how those who labor in any calling can be educated and refined. In a republic where there is no distinction of classes all must be vulgar together. During the six years that I have lived in Europe, there has been scarcely a day that this has not been said to me, and if, by chance, they see an American and find that he is not absolutely a boor, they are as much astonished as they would be to see a white negro. If one happens in a boarding-house where the boarders are mostly English, he will feel as isolated as a negro would be in a company of New England conservatives. They do not even suppose that we are at all sensitive on the subject. They expect us to acknowledge our inferiority, and take the lowest place without a word or feeling of complaint.

Ignorance of the Middle Class.

This is in a great measure owing to their ignorance. The history of the great republic is not placed in their schools, in England, and perhaps every where, it is studiously kept out. It is not a week since a lady, who has her diplomas from the Minister of Public Instruction, certifying that she is qualified to finish the education of young ladies, asserted that there were no mountains in America! When we laughed she was angry, and accused us of conceit and assumption, for she had been told this by a gentleman who had travelled all over the country. She was just as ignorant of everything else. When I was asked one day to what part of the country I belonged and replied New England, a lady, who considers herself as belonging to the only class who can claim education and refinement, corrected me by saying, "You mean New Orleans, do you not?" She had never heard of New England before. These are not isolated cases. This is the universal ignorance. In travelling in France I fell in company with a Catholic priest who did not know the difference between North and South America, did not know whether we of the North lived under Empire, Kingdom or Republic, nor whether we were Catholics or Protestants.

They know that America is a new country, and a new country is of course a country of savages, or backwoodsmen. What else can it be? It is useless to try to teach them. They do not know enough upon which to form a conversation. I have been many months in a family belonging to the *vieille noblesse*, where there is a young man who is secretary in a bureau of one of the departments of state, and another who is in college, and they have not yet heard of the American war. I could willingly initiate them into this branch of knowledge, but it would be utterly impossible to give them any idea of the causes, or of the parties engaged. They never look at newspapers, and no sort of journal is taken by the family.

I have even been asked by an educated lady, if Washington was still our President, and often good people try to console us that we are obliged to live here without slaves, after having been always accustomed to them. When I told the milk-woman one morning that I was an American, she raised her hands in astonishment, exclaiming, "But you are white."

Learning by Degrees.

The war has enlightened those who read the newspapers a little, but the "common people" take about as much interest in it as they would in the combats of so many Indians or cannibals, which they suppose we very much resemble, and those who have some correct knowledge of our affairs wilfully misrepresent them, to create or foster a distrust and hatred of republics. They are very careful not to say that the one aristocratic element has caused all the trouble. If we had had nothing but pure republicanism, there would have been no war or discension among us. But it is not because they really do not like republics, but because they have never been able to sustain one, and cannot bear the reproach which our success continually speaks. Especially galling is it that Americans of every grade may walk the halls of princes, which is permitted only to a privileged class among themselves. Not only to the "common people," but to the "middle classes," not only to the "peasants" but to the *bourgeoisie*, the doors of St. James and the Tuileries are closed, but all Americans who occupy a respectable position and will conform to the rules of costume can enter. In toilette they generally vie with the Queen and Empress, and in manners they are not essentially different from those who bear another title than that of republican. It is practice alone which gives the ease and grace of what are called good manners, and the *bourgeoisie* and "middle classes" only need the opportunity in order to acquire the elegance of the court. Even a prince must be taught good manners, as Napoleon III. evidently thinks. His son entered the drawing-room one evening, and instead of making his bow and saluting the ladies, he walked moodily along with his hands in his pockets.

"Why do you not say good evening?" demanded his mother.

"Because I don't wish to," answered the little prince, and kicked at her to add effect to his reply, pouting his lips like any other wilful child. When his father came in the Empress related to him the scene, and he immediately summoned three soldiers, who stripped off his epaulettes and took him away in disgrace. He is to be taught obedience as well as politeness, and in order to rule well must certainly first learn to obey.

How the French Economize.

There are few American families who know exactly the expenses of a year, they know probably it is that it costs about so many hundred or thousand dollars on the whole. But every European family knows the expense of every year, of every month, day or hour—the exact cost of every dinner, supper or breakfast, of every morsel they eat, of every drop that they drink. Every German and French housewife knows, not only how much the meat, potatoes, and bread of any meal have cost, but also the water in which she has cooked them, and the coal or wood she has burned to boil the water. It is infinitely amusing to an American to observe such a *menage*.

In Paris, the city of luxury, of the arts, the home of science and the seat of learning, in the city claiming to be the first in civilization, there is yet no aqueduct or anything resembling one. The fountains of the city belong to the Government, and the water is sold by barrels and pails full to *water carriers*, who supply families at so much a gallon. In a house of five stories there are two families on each floor, making ten who ascend the same staircase, up which all articles for family use must be carried. It is the rule that water, coal, and all heavy articles must be taken up before noon, as about that time the *concierge* cleans the hall and stairs, and they must be kept clean for callers in the afternoon. In every kitchen is a receptacle for water, consisting of an oblong wooden box, containing two or more pailsfull, according to the means of the family or their ideas of cleanliness. In one corner of the box is a small partition of porous stone, which serves as a filter, and to which is a separate faucet. The *porteur* brings two large pails full of water for three cents, and comes every morning. It is therefore very easy to know how much the water cost in which the dinner is boiled.

In the same kitchen is a box for coal, which contains the quantity for which they pay forty cents, and they know exactly how many meals can be cooked with this quantity. If they have guests to dinner they use an extra quantity of water and coal, and know how many cents worth are devoted to each guest, and then of course they know if they can afford to invite anybody again!

They know as exactly how much of every article is used every day. The streets of Paris are lined with small groceries, where everything is purchased by the cent's worth, and are certainly very convenient for people who earn only a few cents per day. If a family comes into the neighborhood who does not patronize these small shop-keepers, it is considered a great injustice, and we have known them to commence a regular persecution of such a family, annoying them in every possible way. They keep coffee, burnt and ground, sugar, powdered and in lumps, tobacco in quids, and every household article in infinitesimal quantities.

Details of a French Household.

The morning meal in every French family is bread and coffee, what they call *cafe au lait*, and is made of equal portions of coffee and chickory placed in a biggin, upon which hot water is poured so long as it runs through black. Of this they take two spoonsful to a half pint of boiling milk. Three or five cents worth of coffee is purchased every day, and the milkman and baker of course come every morning.

The second meal is at noon, though it is called breakfast, and is merely a luncheon, cold, or the remnants of yesterday's dinner. For these two no cloth is put upon the table, and all ceremony is unnecessary.

The dinner is at six, and consists of meat and one vegetable, and sometimes a salad. I have seen a piece of meat, cooked without onions and garlic, and swimming in gravy.—The salad is dressed with oil and vinegar, the rule being a spoonful of vinegar to three of oil, with pepper, salt and mustard, and also a little onion and garlic. The commencement of dinner is of course soup, as this is invaluable in every continental family. There are also soup shops, where a pint or a quart can be purchased every day between four and six. But as often as once or twice a week they have a boiled dinner, what they call *pot au feu*. In America the liquor in which meat and vegetables are boiled for such a dinner are thrown away. It must certainly contain the best juice of the meat, and be very good and nourishing. In Europe it is every drop saved and eaten. They fill an earthen pot with meat and vegetables, never omitting the onions, and let it boil six or eight hours, allowing the water to boil away one-half. For the soup, they season it with pepper, and sometimes with sorrel, parsley, and other herbs and spices, and thicken it with vermicelli or crumbs of bread. Whether it is delicious or not, it certainly seems too good to throw away. American housewives, who may be obliged to practice economy, can at least try it. Children may be taught to like it, and must not be told it is an institution of economy merely.

The dessert is almost invariably bread and cheese in winter, with a little comfiture. I do not mean to say that every family lives in this way, but I have been in many, and seen little difference. One is expected to take a bit of cheese about an inch square, and a teaspoonful of comfiture. The little shop windows are also lined with jars of preserves, which are sold in quantities of two or three cents worth, like anything else. Cheese in the same way, a bit a few inches square for dinner. The pepper and salt are no exceptions to the three-cent rule, little three-cornered papers being the only receptacles for them. Cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and similar spices have no location in a continental family, where they never make a pudding or pie or cake of any description, and where they would think it the greatest extravagance to eat such things. We are talking of families who have a regular income of six or eight hundred, a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year. Such a family does not allow the whole expense of the table to be more than eight or ten dollars a month each person, and we know those who limit it to five or six, and yet who live very comfortably.

This sort of calculation is what Americans call *meanness*, and what Europeans call economy. Americans *calculate* to *make* money, and Europeans to *save*, and we think the constant striving to save has a worse effect on the character than the striving to make; but when by no effort they are able to gain, it is certainly well to know how to save.

Peculiarities of Habits and Customs.

We have no idea that our customs and habits are peculiar or different from those of anybody else till we see them described by some one to whom they are not familiar. In France it is more universal, perhaps, than elsewhere, in families, hotels, restaurants and all places where meals are served, to furnish any person with a *serviette* at table. If it is a place one is in the habit of frequenting, he is expected to fold his *serviette*, and mark it in some way to be retained for him till he comes again, as this saves washing and a sou. But if one is invited to dine once, or only occasionally, it is almost an insult to fold his *serviette* on leaving the table, as this is the same as to say he expects to be invited again soon. A gentleman who did not know this custom dined and returned home without suspecting that he had failed in any point of etiquette. The next day a servant came to tell him that dinner was waiting. "Dinner," he exclaimed in surprise; "but I did not know that any one expected me to dinner; I have received no invitation."

"Why, you folded your napkin yesterday."

This information only increased his amazement, as he had no idea what the act had signified. In some parts of the country it would not have been a hint that he expected to come again the next day, but only that he hoped to come soon.

I was saved from such a mortification by hearing a family exclaim one day after some guests had departed:

"What vulgar people; did you not see they folded their napkins."

I had not remarked it, of course, as I did not know that it was a matter of any consequence, and should certainly have done the same myself the next day, where it would have been almost a disgrace, had I not been thus put upon my guard. In speaking of it to a lady who had been in America, she said it was a custom similar to ours of putting the teaspoon in the saucer, if one wished another cup of tea, and leaving it in the cup to signify the contrary. Not knowing this she had been served with two or three cups of tea more than she wished the first time she had been invited among strangers to partake of this beverage, yet it never occurred to us before that it was anything peculiar.

The details of housekeeping are in some respects the same among all civilized people who live by three meals a day, and yet we are amused and astonished to see how the routine of housekeeping and three meals a day can vary in civilized countries. The first thing to be done in every house is to sweep and dust and put things in order. In America it is to sweep carpets, in Germany to wash the floors, and in France to wax them. The task of the last operation is decidedly the most laborious. It is performed by fastening a piece of yellow beeswax to a sort of prong at the end of a long stick and rubbing it over all the floors, and then fastening a stiff brush to the bottom of the right foot to equalize the quantity upon each part and give a polish, after which it must be swept with a soft brush, and afterwards wiped with a soft cloth. It is a long and tedious process, and the first footstep makes a spot which only a similar process can obliterate. The stairs over which fifty people pass every day are cleaned in the same way.

Washing Day.

In the cities of France household washing is done every week, though in the country, as in Germany, it is performed only once in six months or a year. In Paris in a family, the family of a Marchioness, we have clean sheets once in two months, and believe this is the custom in most "good families," which is only half as often as we had them in Germany, water is so dear.

The preparations for a wash are to write every article in a book, the list being copied into a similar book kept by the washwoman, who is responsible for every article lost, and obliged to pay its full value. Very little soap is used by washwomen or families in Paris, the cleaning process being performed by chloride of lime and potash, for clothes, dishes, and all articles. Chloride of lime is sold everywhere at a cent a quart, ready for use, clear as pure water. It removes the most obstinate stains of wine, fruit or ink, without rubbing, and if used moderately is said not to injure the clothes so much as soap and friction. It is also employed to clean unpainted wood, kettles, pots and any stone or brick work.

For washing glass and earthenware, they use soda, potash or pearlash, saying it acts quicker and better upon greasy substances. But quite as often they use nothing, leaving upon the dishes all that pure water will not have the complaisance to remove, and it is astonishing to one who has been accustomed to rivers and Croton fountains, how little water they think sufficient to purify and cleanse, or rather how content they are never to be clean, water is so very expensive. We should prefer to dispense with our museum or gallery of paintings and have plenty of water, but this, we know, is evidence of our vulgar taste, which cannot appreciate art, which we confess to appreciating below cleanliness.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

AMERICAINE.

CALIFORNIA'S HOUR OF PERIL.

A friend has received the following from his brother in California, and communicates it to the Patriot:—

The intentions of the secessionists to drag California out of the Union at the commencement of the present war, has long been understood by observing men. The San Francisco correspondent of an eastern paper, writing after the receipt of the news of the battle of Shiloh and the death of Johnston, gives an insight into the plans laid and almost consummated.

The death of the rebel Gen. A. Sydney Johnston, at the battle of Shiloh, was a source of congratulation here. He has met a just punishment for his treachery. The only regret is, that his neck is not reserved for the halter. But the impression gains ground that it is better to accept the death of the rebel leaders upon the battle-field, as a punishment for their crime, than to run the chance of their being spared by popular clemency at the end of the war. Gen. Buell and Johnston have both been stationed on this coast—Buell as the junior officer under Johnston. It is gratifying to know that the loyal general has taught his superior officer that "secesh" is a hard road to travel.

California came very near being placed by the treachery of Johnston in an attitude of defiance to the Federal authority against her will.

The secessionists had laid a plan to possess themselves of the forts which guard the entrance to our harbor, which they could have easily done with the connivance of Johnston, who was in supreme command, and then to seize 60,000 stand of arms shipped here by the traitor Floyd *for the very purpose*. This accomplished, the 30,000 secessionists would have had California completely in their power; for there would have been no arms here of any description, except those in the hands of the rebels.

They could have collected the revenues, and by the aid of the works at the Navy Yard have fitted out privateers to prey upon the commerce of the Pacific. They would have had complete control of all the treasure in the state, enough to have materially strengthened the finances of the Jeff. Davis government.

The loyal city of San Francisco would have been at their mercy, for she is completely covered by the guns of Fort Alcatraz—from which she could have been shelled at leisure. The shipping in the harbor was to have been converted into an impromptu rebel navy; in short it was one of the most stupendous and most easily effected schemes of the rebellion.

Secessionists gathered in this city from all quarters, cut-throat faces which had not been seen in this city for years, were common; Johnston had privately sent in his resignation to the department—the arrival of the hour had almost arrived, when lo! the unheralded advent of Gen. E. V. Sumner frustrated their nice laid scheme.

He was put on board the California steamer *at sea*, and no intention of his coming had reached this coast, when he landed. On his arrival in this city, he walked up from the steamer to the headquarters of the Pacific department, and inquired for Commander Johnston. Having been shown into the presence of that individual, he announced himself to the astonished traitor *as his successor in command*, showed him his papers, and demanded *immediate possession*. In half an hour he had control of both forts, and run out the guns, *double shotted on the land side*.

That same evening the 60,000 stand of arms at Benicia were secured and *California was saved*. The sagacity that despatched Gen. Sumner here secretly, was creditable to the new Government. But for that California would have been lost. When the history of the scheme is written, it will be one of the most remarkable episodes of these eventful times.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE following were the accepted bids for the horses at Washington: Three thousand were duly contracted for, to be delivered at Washington within thirty days, for cavalry service, at from $110.95 to $113. For artillery service, at from $112 to $115.

It is said that Gen. Hooker's surgeon objects to his going into active service much before the middle of November.

A STREET ENGINE for drawing ponderous loads has been introduced in London. Its first essay was successful, a wrought-iron girder weighing twenty tons having been drawn over the pavements with ease and without accident. Its wheels are very wide, and it turns out for vehicles as readily as a cart. Great crowds assembled to witness the performance as it passed through the streets.

EVERY state of Jeff. Davis's new nation, which Mr. Gladstone thinks is established, has the United States flag now waving over some portion of it, and one, Florida, is entirely under the control of the United States authorities.

THE MULE LETTING.—The bids for furnishing the army with mules last advertised for by Colonel Rucker, Quartermaster, were opened last week, resulting in contracts made with Patrick King for 500 at $97, 500 at $97.-50, and 500 at $98—1,500 in all—and for 500 with Brown & Co., of Louisville, Ky., at $98.

MAJOR W. W. RUSSELL, paymaster of the marine corps, and recently attached to General McClellan's staff, committed suicide recently, with both sword and pistol, while laboring under temporary insanity.

SEEING THE WHISTLE.—A well dressed lady from the country recently called at the Historical rooms in Hartford, and after inspecting the other curiosities, requested to be shown the *whistle* which Franklin paid too dear for, as she had been informed it was kept there. The attendant, though slightly taken aback at first, rallied in time to exhibit an ancient pitch pipe which happened to lie near.

MONEY FOR THE TROOPS.—Nine hundred thousand dollars were, a few days since, sent West—$300,000 of it to Cincinnati, and $600,000 to Louisville—for the payment of troops. The Secretary of the Treasury has directed that $200,000 or $300 000 shall go forward to the army daily, until all back accounts of this description have been settled.

STRANGE CONDUCT.—The New Orleans papers relate an instance of a thoughtful husband who ordered a splendidly mounted coffin to be made for his wife, who had been taken suddenly ill. To his great surprise, however, she got well. But a few days afterwards some officious friend related to her the story of her husband's conduct, and the poor lady took the matter to heart so much that she immediately sickened, and a day or two afterwards needed the coffin in reality.

☞ The understanding is lowered from association with inferiors. With equals it attains equality; but with superiors superiority. He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own.

☞ It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

☞ There was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of true modesty either, who remarked, when other girls were making fun of her short skirts and white hose, and affecting to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party: "If you'd only pull up your dresses about your necks, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled any more.

☞ It is suggested that if the present increased scarcity of change should continue—even the Moon may find difficulty in effecting a *change*; though to be sure, while she is the possessor of four silver *quarters* the matter may not be so difficult as it would be otherwise.

☞ OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.—Several young men, residing near New Bedford, who shipped on board of whaling vessels to escape the draft, are now prisoners in irons on board the rebel steamer Alabama.

☞ JUST SO.—A mathematician being asked by a stout fellow "if two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" replied, "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."

☞ TWO WIVES.—That is a very touching story now circulating of the handsome Ludwig, a Swede, who fell in love with his two pretty cousins at Donthum, frankly explained his feelings to them, and all three became Mormons, and passed through Boston recently en route for Salt Lake City and polygamy.

☞ Sheridan never was without a reason, never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on account of the badness of the weather. She soon afterwards, however, intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it has cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*."

☞ The other day an aide-de-camp of Gen. Lorencez passed through Paris, on his way to Biarritz, with five stands of colors taken from the Mexicans. Would it be believed? A caricature is going the rounds on the subject. France is represented sitting as a customer in a large shop, while from behind the counter a well known political character is seen pressing these flags upon her. Underneath is written, "Mexican silks—dearer than at Lyons."

☞ It is singular to see two religions, differing from each other in every respect, using the same building as their house of worship. In all the small villages of Baden the Catholics and Protestants use the same church, the Protestant service being held in the forenoon, after the Catholic. It is very funny to see a Protestant service in a building filled with the glittering Catholic altars. The schools are governed by councils composed of both Catholics and Protestants.

☞ It is a singular fact that ladies who know how to preserve everything else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to "*keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed.*"

☞ A STRAIGHTLY OLD LADY.—To undertake a journey for pleasure at the age of a hundred and five is not a very usual occurrence, and yet such has been done by a widow of that great age, named Girard, residing in the commune of Soize (Eure-et-Loire), France. She went a few days since to Chateaudun to visit a nephew of her late husband. She is in the enjoyment of perfect health, has very fair eyesight, and her memory is good. Last year she walked five miles without feeling fatigue, and two years ago could thread a fine needle. She has a sister living who is ninety-nine, and a brother aged ninety.—*Galignani.*

☞ A general on the point of death, opening his eyes and seeing a consultation of three physicians who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it is all over with me!" and instantly expired.

☞ God has not made this life altogether lovely, for then it would be too short and hard to leave; nor yet altogether pitiful, for then it would be too long and hard to bear.

☞ A relative of Oliver Goldsmith, the poet and traveller, was killed in one of our late battles. His name was John Goldsmith Hanson. He was only seventeen years old, and was the great grand nephew of the distinguished classic. The closing words of his last letter to a friend were: "If I die I do not fear, for I am a Christian—the Union forever!"

☞ These are said to be tight times, yet one would think they are loose enough, since there is a *license* for everything.

☞ *Infatuated Youth.*—Oh! Julia dearest, allow me a small place in your heart—just a little corner.

Julia (who is a fearful flirt).—Oh, yes! you are at liberty to enter, but I tell you beforehand that you will find it most inconveniently crowded. If you have any sense of comfort, you'll remain outside. It's a perfect crush-room. Wait till a few of the others have gone.—*Punch.*

☞ We clap Vice in fetters, and then call it Virtue.

☞ The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

☞ A well-known author once wrote an article in Blackwood, signed "A. S." "Tut, tut," said Douglas Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity he will only tell two-thirds of the truth."

☞ The higher we rise in the animal kingdom," says Professor Agassiz, "the more limited do we find the number of progeny, and the care bestowed upon them by the parents is in proportion to this diminution."

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

An Artillery Fight on Saturday and Sunday.

REBEL RETREAT FROM PHILLIMONT AND UNION—OCCUPATION OF UNION AND SNICKER'S GAP—ANOTHER FIGHT IN PROGRESS.

Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, Sunday evening, Nov. 2, 1862.—Gen. Pleasonton yesterday came up with the rebel cavalry and artillery at Phillimont, at 11 o'clock. The fight, which was conducted wholly with artillery, lasted about five hours, when the enemy retreated to Union, a small town three miles beyond. Our loss was 1 killed and 13 wounded. The rebel force consisted of a portion of Gen. Stuart's cavalry and one battery. Five of the rebels are known to have been killed.

This morning Gen. Pleasonton renewed the attack at 8 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock he was reinforced by a brigade of infantry. At 1 o'clock the rebels fell back from Union and our troops occupied the town. Our loss up to 3 o'clock to-day was one killed and four wounded. During the action a rebel caisson was exploded by one of our shells. The rebel loss is not known.

The firing in that direction was very heavy from 3 o'clock till dark, but the result has not been ascertained.

Gen. McClellan visited the front this afternoon.

A heavy dust was observed to-day at Ashby's Gap. In what direction the rebel troops are moving is not known, the distance being too great.

Another part of our army took possession of Snicker's Gap to-day.

Three brigades of rebel infantry were, at last advices, advancing up the west of the mountain in two columns.

Heavy cannonading has been heard for the last hour, in our advance towards Snicker's Gap, possibly in the vicinity of Winchester.

Good News from Port Royal.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Port Royal dates to the 29th ult. have been received.

Two British rebel steamers, the Anglia and Scotia, were captured on the 27th ult. and taken to Port Royal. The two steamers, with their contraband cargoes, are valued at one million of dollars.

Another British steamer, the Minnaho, was run ashore and destroyed.

It was reported at Port Royal that the rebel ram was coming down the river from Savannah.

The War in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.—Advices from the army in southeast Missouri says that of the recent success at Pitman's Ferry, Cols. Lazear and Dewey, with their forces combined, pushed on for Zollinger Mills, five miles from Pocahontas, where they fought Brubridge, completely routing his force and capturing a large number of prisoners, including a number of rebel officers.

A later dispatch from Col. Lazear says that he captured or dispersed 200 of Boone's command.

From New Orleans.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The steamers Metanzas and Creole have arrived from New Orleans.

The capture of Sabine Pass is confirmed. It was taken on October 1st by the United States steamer Kensington, Captain Crocker, and schooners Seaman and Jones. Captain Crocker, with a small body of men, advanced into the country and defeated two bands of rebels. The result of his operations were the capture of one fort, two camps, thirty buildings, and ten rebel vessels, which were burnt.

From the Kanawha Valley.

CHARLESTON, Va., Oct. 31.—Major General Cox's army arrived here to-day. The rebel army, under Generals Echols, Floyd and Jenkins, retreated from here last Monday. The march of our troops up the Kanawha valley was conducted in the best military order, with a single casualty. The entrance into this town was of a triumphant character, the citizens giving our troops a welcome.

Miscellaneous.

A rumor comes from Corinth that Mobile has been captured by our forces. The news was imparted by rebel prisoners.

Scouts report the country south of Corinth as far as Ripley clear of guerillas.

Some 61,682 persons had taken the oath of allegiance in New Orleans up to October 24th.

On Friday evening the enemy made a reconnoissance towards Chewalla, Tenn., driving in our pickets.

A large body of rebel cavalry were routed on the evening of the 20th, near Mansfield, Mo., and many killed, by a detachment of the 10th Illinois cavalry.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The steamer Ocean Queen, from Aspinwall, arrived this evening with passengers from California, and one million dollars in treasure. She left Aspinwall on the 25th ult., but saw nothing of the pirate Alabama.

The colored population of the District of Columbia have addressed a memorial to the President for a speedy transfer to the home furnished them by the agent of emigration.

The daily production of the postage currency has for some days past been $58,000, and will soon reach $100,000

Ex-President Buchanan has written a letter in reply to the charges made by Gen. Scott.

MEETING OF THE DRAFT COMMISSIONERS—PHILADELPHIA MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND OVER HER QUOTA.—After a full and fair examination of the reports of the various Precinct Committees, it was decided that the Commissioners should report to the Governor, that according to the evidence presented to them *the quota of Philadelphia was full.*

It has been ascertained that the number of volunteers from Philadelphia was, up to Oct. 28th, 1863, 30,396, and it appears from the returns of the mustering officers and the deputy marshals, their substitutes and citizens appointed to examine their various precincts, that she is entitled to a further credit of 4,482 up to the 1st of Nov., making an aggregate of 34,851.

CAPTURE OF THE PACKET TONAWANDA.—The packet ship Tonawanda, of Cope's Liverpool line, has been overhauled by the rebel steamer "290" while on her outward bound trip from this port. She was loaded with grain and an assorted cargo, and left Philadelphia on September 30th for Liverpool. It is stated that the Tonawanda was required to give bonds to the amount of $80,000 to the "290," and was therefore allowed to proceed upon her trip.

☞ A sad case of death recently occurred in Pittsburg. A little girl, about six years old, procured a pint of whiskey which had been carelessly left within her reach, and drank the whole of it before she was discovered. She immediately sickened and then fell into a stupor, and although a physician was called in she died the same evening.

THE INNER CHAMBER.

Dare you enter this inner room,
Hushed and darkened and full of gloom?
Softly whisper and gently tread,—
Here is the yet unburied dead!

See—shall I turn the pall aside?
Four years ago to-day he died—
But never yet on this silent face
Change or decay has left its trace.

Heavy and black is this billowy hair,—
Heavy and black—like my own despair;
O'er the white temples its dark waves roll,
Like woe and wrong on a fated soul.

Never again, as in days of old,
When every thread was dearer than gold,
Thinking of bright and happy things,
Shall I twist its masses in shining rings.

Never again shall I meet these eyes
With a thrill of welcome and sweet surprise;
Or deep in their midnight darkness see
The love I thought was so true to me.

Never again shall these proud lips press
My lifted forehead in mute caress,
Leaving a charm against sorrow and strife,—
The beauty and crown of my woman's life.

I have sat since then, in darkness and dust,
Hating the world for my outraged trust;
My grief has been mad and wild, I know—
But God forgive me, I loved him so!

This room is my heart, where your footsteps tread,
This corpse is my heart's uncoffined dead,
Which, till life's long day shall find its night,
Will never be buried out of sight.

I have watched and waited and prayed in vain,
For this form to arise and live again—
But where is the angel, as of yore,
To roll the stone from the sepulchre door?

RAILWAY ADVENTURES.

"Possession," says the proverb, if it be a proverb—for it may be a legal dictum laid down since the celebrated case of *Orange* vs. *Stuart*, for all that I know—"is nine parts of the law." It is probable that this expression was originally intended only to apply to property, landed or funded, but it has since obtained a much more general signification. It has especially become the motto of those who travel in public conveyances. If A be the first to enter an omnibus calculated (or at least licensed) to carry the entire alphabet, he looks upon the entrance of B as an infringement upon his rights. B, on his part, is so well aware of this, that he enters fawningly, and takes his seat in a deprecatory manner, or sticks his hat awry, and looks as reckless of all consequences as a pirate boarding a gentleman's yacht. His conscience tells him that he is intruding, and he behaves with humility or insolence as his nature is mild or bold. But as soon as C is seen gesticulating to the conductor, and the machine begins to slacken speed, A and B tacitly conclude a treaty, and gaze upon the new arrival with a common astonishment at his excessive impertinence. They survey him from his hat to his boots with the loftiest superciliousness, and exchange glances of contemptuous pity at the state of his umbrella. You would suppose that they would never endure his companionship, far less enter into an alliance with that interloper, no matter how many revolving ages should elapse; nor would they, perhaps, if it was not for D, who takes his seat in the presence of a triumvirate of brothers, who scowl upon him as though they were the Council of Three in judgment upon a conspirator.

This, too, is always more or less the case with railway passengers. There is an insane conviction in the minds of most men who get into an empty railway carriage, that that carriage is theirs, and if anybody attempts to share it with them, their countenance and manner express abundantly enough their sense of intrusion.* This is certainly independent of any desire to be alone for the purpose of indulging in the vice of smoking. Clergymen (who, of course, never touch tobacco) are as tenacious of their solitary dignity as guardsmen; lawyers look as if they carried the deed in their pocket which transferred the vehicle from the company to themselves for their sole use; the cardsharper alone is anxious to secure a travelling companion, and smiles blandly out of window at all apparently eligible persons. To walk on a railway platform down a line of English railway carriages about to start, with a Bradshaw in your hand, and a travelling-cap on your head, is to receive a broadside of indignant and repelling glances. The truth of this will, I am sure, be admitted by everybody; my own personal appearance is engaging in a very exceptional degree, and therefore what I have experienced myself must have been undergone in a more aggravated form by most people. For this reason, among others, I prefer to arrive early at a railway station, so that I may establish myself in the post of vantage, as first-comer, and survey my fellow-creatures with the air, I do not say of an enemy well intrenched, but of a superior, and with an expression, if not of hauteur, of condescension. I was therefore annoyed enough to find myself rather late last Saturday at London Bridge, and the train without a single empty carriage. Receiving, therefore (and, I flatter myself, returning), looks of hatred and defiance, I walked hastily along the platform, glancing into all the windows for the least crowded compartment, and presently selected one which had only two passengers, neither of whom, strange to say, surveyed me with the customary scorn.

The one was a young divine, with an expression that would have been eminently "gentlemanlike" if it had not been so effeminate as to be almost ladylike; the other looked like a military man (as, indeed, he turned out to be), but had rather a peculiar air of oppression and melancholy. These two did not seem to be acquainted with one another, nor, as I have said, had they even made the usual league together against the invaders of their privacy. While I had myself been looking out for a seat, I had observed another man employed in the same search, who seemed to be less easily satisfied; not till the bell rang and the train began to move, did this gentleman make up his mind as to what carriage he would travel in, when he evinced a tardy discernment in making choice of ours. Even then he threw such a suspicious glance around him, as one escaping from his creditors might cast at three possible bailiffs, and cowered into a corner of the carriage, as though he had only purchased the right to half a seat.

My journey did not promise very pleasantly, for, like the Great Lexicographer, I am fond of talk, and it did not seem probable that I should get it. The officer was silent, the divine was shy, and the last comer gave a terrified start whenever he was addressed. A trifling circumstance, however, gave an impetus to conversation. At the first station we stopped at the officer bought a sixpenny newspaper, and having no silver, gave the boy half a sovereign, who hurried away to procure change. A considerable time elapsed, the whistle sounded, and we began slowly to move away. Just as we cleared the very end of the platform, however, the lad appeared panting at the window with the nine-and-sixpence. "You have been fortunate, sir," remarked I smiling; "I had begun to fear that you would lose your money. Your patience under the circumstances testified to your better opinion of human nature."

"Human nature is much villified," returned the officer gravely; "if we knew it better we should live more happily with our fellow creatures. As it is, however, we are in reality less suspicious of them than we pretend to be. Not only is Honesty the rule, and Roguery the exception in the world, but there is a much greater amount of confidence between man and man than is generally acknowledged."

"I have heard the same sentiment corroborated," observed I, "from the lips of a great philosopher."

"I have had it confirmed in my own person," replied the officer, sighing; "I have experienced an act of trustful kindness from a stranger which will embitter my life to my dying day."

This curious statement was delivered in a tone of such melancholy depth that even the shy young clergyman ventured to glance with astonishment at the speaker, and the gentleman in the corner protruded his head cautiously from his cloak collar, like a tortoise from its shell, in order to listen for more.

"Sir," said I, "if the matter to which you allude demands no secrecy, the narration—I think I may speak for these two gentlemen—would interest us very much. Pray tell us it."

"It is but a short story," said the officer, "and I will gladly narrate it, not only to oblige you, but because the more people who hear it, the less improbable is the chance of getting my misfortune remedied. You must know, then, that until the last four years I was by no means the sombre and reserved person I now appear. I was sprightly and vivacious, and even in the company of strangers accustomed to converse without the least reserve. A morbid desire to establish myself in the good opinion of everybody impelled me perhaps too much to sociality, and my having given way to this may go far, alas! to convince a certain individual that I am indeed the villain which he would otherwise have only suspected me to be. If I find my pocket picked upon leaving a railway carriage," observed the officer with energy, "my suspicions naturally fix themselves on the stranger who has manifested the greatest desire to be my friend."

The young divine here flushed all over, like a western cloud at sunset, and cast down his eyes as though he had been himself accused of petty larceny; while the man in the cloak fumbled at the window, with the intention, as it really seemed, of getting at the door-handle and jumping out.

"I was once travelling on this very line," resumed the officer more calmly, after a little pause, "from the town in which I chanced to be quartered, to London; and singularly enough the conversation of my fellow passengers turned, as it has done to-day, upon mutual confidence between man and man. It commenced, I think, with some observations of two mercantile gentlemen upon the credit system, but eventually resolved itself into: What should be done or not done in the case of a stranger asking to borrow money of any one of us. We laughed a good deal at various circumstances and contingencies which the question suggested, and got to be very friendly. My companions all alighted at various stations, except myself and the gentleman with whom I had been chiefly conversing. As we were nearing the terminus, observing me, I suppose, to search my pockets and suddenly change color, he inquired: What was the matter, and if I had lost my railway ticket.

"'No,' said I, 'I have got my ticket, nor have I actually lost anything; but I just find out that I have left my purse locked up in the desk in my quarters, and have therefore come away with only a few shillings in my pocket.'

"'Can I be of any service to you?' inquired my companion, drawing out his own *porte-monnaie*.

"'Thank you very much,' returned I laughing, 'for the proof of that confidence we were speaking about; but although I am going to a hotel, and it might have been so far inconvenient, I have a banker in London.'

"'But the bank will be closed by this time,' urged the gentleman; 'you had better take a sovereign or two!'

"'Nay,' said I; 'in that case, I will take a five pound note at once, which can be more easily transmitted by post. This is, however, a practical test of your benevolent principles, which you could scarcely have anticipated to occur so soon. A total stranger—'

"'My dear sir,' interrupted he with warmth, 'pray do not mention it. There is no credit to me in the matter, for it is easy to see that you are an officer and a gentleman.'

"Then he purposely changed the conversation with a delicacy which I have since never ceased to regret; for what with talking and laughing, I forgot all about the loan till the train stopped, and we went together to look for our luggage, and in the crowd we were separated without ever wishing each other good-bye, or remembering to exchange our names and addresses. *I* don't know whither to send the money, or how I shall ever repay him; while he, I have no doubt, concludes that he has met with a clever scoundrel, who did him out of a five pound note. Since that unfortunate hour, I have never passed a happy day, and a journey by railway always makes me especially melancholy. I feel that my honor is tarnished, and that in the eyes of an honest man I am become a swindler. I have advertised again and again, to three times the value of the loan, without result, and while I trust you will make the circumstances known to as many people as possible, I have very little hope that the man I have unwittingly wronged will ever be put in possession of the truth."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the clergyman with unexpected boldness, "I feel for you deeply. I remember that in the famous novel *Oliver Twist*, there is no situation more painful than when he is carried away by Sykes with Mr. Brownlow's books in his possession, so that that benevolent gentleman's faith in him is shaken, and the honest lad lies under the imputation of being a thief."

"At the same time," said I, "your innocence, sir, should at least protect you from the stings of conscience; you have nothing to reproach yourself with but forgetfulness in not having revealed your name. The philosopher of whom I have already spoken owed more money and comforted himself on slighter grounds; but then he had philosophy to console him, for the possession of which indeed he had a European reputation."

"I should very much like to hear his opinion on the matter," observed the officer eagerly.

"'At a certain dinner party, then,' said I, 'at which the philosopher and myself were present, the conversation turned (as it is very apt to do under his guidance) upon the perfectability of the human species. Human nature, he contended, was not only capable of perfection, but was already much nearer to it than clergyman and others imagined. There was a beautiful confidence existing in our common nature. Suspicion was only for attorneys and police detectives. He had had the most satisfactory experience of this throughout a protracted existence, but more especially in his youth. He then proceeded to communicate to us a particular example. 'In my early manhood I ran away from my stay-at-home friends in Yorkshire, who were ignorant of, and inattentive to, the yearnings of the passionate soul, and disported myself as long as my slender purse permitted in the wilds of Devonshire. When my money was exhausted, I left off that vagabond life, and put up at a respectable hotel. Although I must have looked dirty and travel-stained enough, and had only a knapsack for luggage, no question was put to me as to my solvency, which itself was a charming proof of natural confidence. After passing a week or so in these very comfortable quarters, I sent for the landlord, and expounded to him the circumstances of the case. I told him that I already owed him a considerable sum, but that that was by no means the worst of it (from *my* point of view), for that in addition to this, I had not got a shilling to take me northwards. This good and trustful person—who always seems to me the incarnation of tender faith—not only credited me for the eight pounds or so for which I was already indebted to him, but furnished me with eight more for the expenses of my journey. Now, considering that the name I had given him might have been assumed, or, if genuine, might have been totally worthless, I consider this to have been a convincing proof of that benevolent confidence, which, I contend, prevails among a large majority of those whom I am pleased to call my fellow-creatures. *I was then seventeen, and now I am seventy-one, and the man has never been paid yet.*'"

"What an infamous scoundrel," exclaimed the officer with indignation.

"Nay, certainly not," said I; "he would himself have acted precisely as did the hotel-keeper if he had chanced to have been placed in his position. He was one of the most generous and kindly hearted of mankind. Pecuniary obligation was, however, a matter beneath the consideration of his philosophy, which was stupendous and far reaching, but not comprehensive of details."

"The innkeeper, however," observed the officer, "was not aware of that."

"True," said I; "and yet, you see, how lightly the great man bore that innkeeper's probable opinion of him. In the wilds of Devonshire he was doubtless mistaken for little better than a swindler."

"It is a dreadful thing to be mistaken for somebody else," observed the young clergyman with a sigh.

I was wondering whether the speaker could ever have been by possibility mistaken for anybody but his own sister, when he proceeded as follows:

"I was once placed in a very uncomfortable position myself, through an error in judgment on the part of a most respectable female. When I was a young man at Cambridge, and even up to the time that I took my degree, I had absolutely no whiskers. [Here he fingered a little mole upon his right cheek, as though he would have said: "Nothing of this leonine appearance that you see in me now,"] I was indeed almost effeminate-looking, and some of my foolish college-friends nicknamed me 'Bella,' and 'Bellissima,' which was even more ridiculous still. It was the long vacation, but certain business calling me to the university, I took the train thither from town. At the station, I met some Cambridge friends, who were making a shorter journey than I, but of course we got into the same carriage. A rather severe-looking lady, with spectacles, very stout, and not very young, made up our company. She looked a little alarmed at the somewhat fast appearance of my friends when she first entered; but upon their earnest assurance that they would not smoke nor compel her to take a hand at cards, she grew reassured so far as they were concerned. I shall never forget, however, the look of intense suspicion with which she regarded my unhappy self. My face had at first been concealed by the newspaper I was reading, but as soon as she caught sight of it, she gave a sort of virtuous shudder. What *had* I done, thought I, to deserve this? I had a trick of coloring at that time [the speaker was purple, and had been so throughout the narration], and I daresay I became a little flushed. 'Now, Bella, don't blush,' exclaimed one of my friends, in allusion to this infirmity; whereupon they both burst out laughing.

"I never before saw anybody look so shocked, and at the same time so indignant, as did the old lady at this. She wore precisely the expression that the great Scotch reformer would have worn, under the circumstances imagined by the poet:

As though you had taken sour John Knox
To the play-house at Paris, Vienna, or Munich,
Fastened him into a front-row box,
And danced off the ballet in trowsers and tunic.

I shall never forget her. My companions, I believe, were not entirely aware of the hideous notion that had taken possession of her mind, but *I* knew very well. Their calling me 'Bella' had changed her suspicion to certainty. She thought I was a female in man's attire. When they got out at their station with a 'Good-bye, Bella, 'By bye, Bellissima, till we meet again at the Leger' (I used to go to races in those days) I fell in a cold perspiration at being left alone with that old woman. I pretended, however, to be deeply interested in *Bell's Life*. I heard some remark which sounded like 'a pretty paper for a young woman to be reading,' but I affected not to listen. The situation was dreadful. If she began to upbraid me, what measures should I take to convince her of her scandalous error? Presently, however, she commenced collecting the baskets and parcels, of which she had an infinite number, and I felt to my great relief that she was going to get out at the next station. When she had all her goods about her, and the train was slackening speed, she took up her umbrella, and shaking it in my terrified countenance, exclaimed: 'Oh, ain't you ashamed of yourself, you impudent hussy?'

"'Madam,' I replied, with all gentleness, 'I assure you—'

"'Don't speak to me,' interrupted she; 'don't attempt to deceive *me*, girl: I knew you from the first moment I saw you.'

"After getting down from the carriage with some difficulty, she took the trouble to climb up the step again, and put her head into the window with these words: 'I tell you what it is, Miss Bella; *you're a disgrace to your sex.*'"

"That was a more distressing railway adventure than even yours," observed I to the officer.

"It is the most awful incident that ever occurred to anybody on any railway," said the young clergyman, wiping from his alabaster forehead the perspiration which had been evoked by these distressing details.

"It is nothing of the kind, sir," observed the man in the corner, emerging suddenly from his retirement; "it is but as a catspaw of wind to a tornado when compared with the experience that *I* have met with as a traveller. My nerves are shattered, my spirits are broken, I have become the wreck you now behold, in consequence of a single railway adventure."

"If you could compose yourself so far as to tell it us," observed I delicately, "it would afford us much gratification."

"I have a bottle of smelling-salts in my carpet-bag, in case you should feel overcome," said the young clergyman.

"And I never travel without this flask of brandy and water," added the officer, "which is very much at your service."

"Under these circumstances, I will endeavor to gratify you," resumed the person addressed, "although the recital of the scene in question always unnerves me. You doubtless observed that I looked in at the window once or twice before I took my seat in this carriage, and that even when I had done so I regarded you three gentlemen with considerable distrust. Moreover, you may have seen me shudder occasionally at sentiments and actions of yours which may have seemed to you innocent enough. The reason of this is that I am morbidly apprehensive of finding myself in the company of any person not of sane mind. Once in my life—an occasion I can never forget—I was the fellow-traveller in a railway carriage with a maniac." The narrator here took a prolonged sniff at the vinaigrette. "He was a powerful man, and even if he had not been mad, I should have had no chance with him. We were alone together. It was the express train, and of course there were no means of communicating with the guard. Mr. Edward Poe himself could hardly have imagined a set of circumstances more appalling. Previous to the outbreak I am bound to say the gentleman conducted himself with propriety. He refused, but with the utmost courteousness, my offer of a *Punch* and the *Times*, and applied himself harmlessly enough, as it seemed to the study of *Bradshaw*. Whether excessive application to that abstruse volume had been the original cause of his unhappy malady, I do not know, but the particular frenzy of which I was the miserable victim was certainly excited by that work.

"'Sir,' observed he, with an air of intellectual languor, 'can you assist an unhappy scholar to discover the hour at which this train arrives at Madagascar? I am aware that we change carriages at the Equator at 2 48, but beyond that I cannot trace our route.'

"Then I knew, of course, at once that the man had lost his senses. There was a cold, malicious glitter in his eye, notwithstanding his soft speech, which made my hand shake as I took the proffered volume, and pretended to look out for Madagascar. To humor him, and to gain time, were my only objects. At what a snail's pace we seemed to travel! How I envied the country lads that waved their ragged hats in the fields as the train passed by; how gladly would I have changed places with the milkman in the meadow, or the carter with his team, or the policeman standing by the rail side, with his 'All Right' flag up. All right, indeed, and a first-class passenger about to be torn limb from limb perhaps by a madman!

"'Have you discovered Madagascar?' asked the maniac presently, with great irritation.

"'I was obliged to confess that I had not as yet been so fortunate; I had, however, still to explore the Scotch railways, and perhaps (said I) it might be somewhere among them.

"'I don't think it likely,' observed my companion dryly. 'Do you not observe those thick black lines which cut the way-bill'—he here drew his fingers with frightful energy across his throat—'just as one thinks one is coming to one's journey's end? That is the North Pole. The late lamented Dr. Scoresby chopped it into small pieces for greater convenience. We can never be too thankful for its introduction. Let us drink the health of the North Pole; let us compose an ode to its Low Thermometership. Come, you begin.'

"'At this point the narrator almost drained the brandy flask in his nervous trepidation. His excitement was communicated to ourselves, and I believe if the train had stopped anywhere during this enthralling portion of the story, that each of us would rather have been carried beyond his mark than missed the *denouement*.'

"'Come, you begin,' repeated the madman, with a look of extreme ferocity; '"Roll, roll, North Pole," or something of that kind; but not with your clothes on. How dare you address his Low Thermometership in that unseemly garb.'

"In a quarter of a minute my companion had divested himself of every article of raiment except his shirt, and I was doing my best to follow his example. 'Hasten,' cried he, 'insolent minion, for Mad, Madder, Madagascar is drawing nigh.'

"No human beings, I suppose, ever presented a more astounding spectacle than did we two in our airy garments, kneeling upon the floor of that railway carriage, and apostrophising the North Pole. I felt my senses were fast deserting me through excess of terror, and that if the plan which now suggested itself should fail, it would indeed be all over with me.

"'What!' exclaimed I, 'is it possible that you venture to speak to the N. P. without previously putting your head through the carriage window?'

"In an instant he had leaped up, and darted his head and neck through the pane as though it had not been there. The sharp fragments of the glass retained him, so that he could not draw his head back without great pain and difficulty, and in the meantime I had opened the other door, and, at the hazard of my life, clambered into the next carriage, where I found a stout gentleman asleep, who was almost frightened into fits by my unexpected and horrible appearance. He gave me, however, his railway-rug to wrap around me, and I was narrating to him the dreadful events which had just happened, when, lo! there was a scrabbling at the open window, and then we beheld the maniac, bleeding from his wounded throat, his hair streaming like a meteor, his shirt in a thousand ribbons, his whole appearance calculated to strike terror into the strongest mind. It was evidently his intention to get in. The stout gentleman, speechless with terror, pointed to his umbrella, suspended in the cradle above the seat in which I had placed myself. I seized this weapon, and with the assistance of my new companion, managed to push the intruder with such violence, that, after a tremendous struggle, he was obliged to lose his hold of the door-handle, and seize the umbrella instead. Then we instantly let go of it, and the wretched man tumbled backwards off the train."

Here the narrator finished his story and the brandy and water.

"Then the poor madman must, I fear, have met his death?" said I.

"It is impossible to say for certain," replied the nervous passenger, with a shudder. "A skeleton, grasping the wires of an umbrella, *was* discovered years afterwards in a peat-bog, at the exact spot where the accident happened; but I never feel quite safe as to meeting him again."

EXTENT OF MODERN DISCOVERY.

Bayard Taylor thus sums up the extent of modern discoveries:—"Within the last twenty-five years, all the principal features of the geography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been travelled in various directions, from Bokhara and Oxus to the Chinese wall; the half known river systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the Northwest Passage—the *ignus fatuus* of nearly two centuries—is at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors, the source of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping; the Mountains of the Moon, sought for two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of Bornou; Liechardt and Stuart have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked, and are at last tumbling down, and the canvass screens that surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?"

A WIFE-SONG.

I touch my harp for one to me
Of all the world most dear,
Whose heart is like the golden sheaves
That crown the ripened year;
Whose cheek is fairer than the sky
When blushing into morn,
Whose voice was in the summer night
Of silver streamlets born.

To one whose eye the brightest star
Might for a sister own;
Upon whose lips the honey-bee
Might build her waxen throne—
Whose breath is like the air that woos
The buds in April hours,
That stirs within the dreaming heart
A sense of opening flowers.

I touch my harp for one to me
Of all the world most dear,
Whose heart is like the clustered vine
That crowns the ripened year;
Whose love is like the living springs
We on the mountain taste,
Which traveller's lip can never drain
Nor thirsty summer waste.

EASTMAN.

CARE OF THE FEET.

"Of all parts of the body," says Dr. Robertson, "there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet." Every person knows from experience that colds and many other diseases which proceed from colds are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from "the wheel at the cistern" of the system that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked there.

Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be genteel footed cramp their toes and feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term.

There is one great evil, against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against—we mean the changing of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. In cold weather boots and shoes of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all.

Water-tights are not good if they are air-tights also; India rubber overshoes should never be worn except in wet, splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible.

No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outward, and the moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled boots and shoes are conservators of health, and consequently of human happiness.

STICK TOGETHER.

When midst the wreck of fire and smoke,
Where cannons rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragoons with quickening stroke,
Upon the reeling columns thunder,
The ranks close up to sharp command,
Till helmet's feather touches feather;
Compact the furious shock they stand,
And conquer, for they stick together!

When now, 'mid clouds of woe and want,
Our comrades' wails rise fast and faster,
And charging madly on our front,
Come the black legions of disaster,
Shall we present a wavering hand,
And fly like leaves before wild weather?
No, side by side, and hand in hand,
We'll stand our ground and stick together.

God gave us hands, one left, one right,
The first to help ourselves, the other—
To stretch abroad in kindly might,
To help along our faithful brother.
Then if you see a brother fall,
And bow his head before the weather,
If you be not a dastard all,
You'll help him up and stick together!

CLEAR AS MUD TO JACK.—Some ship owners during the last war received a letter from their captain, whose literary abilities were not quite equal to his nautical. After passing through various "Phonetic" spelling, such as *blowked* for *blockade*, they were at length brought to a full stop by the occurrence of the word *wig*, in a place where it could not possibly be made to harmonize with the context. As a last resort, an old tar who had more than once sailed under the captain, was summoned. Jack glanced at the hieroglyphics, and instantly interpreted thus: "It's all plain enough—Cap'n says as how the *wyge* (voyage) 'll be a good one, after all."

☞ Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves—their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied.—*Bulwer.*

☞ What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward? "Madam, I'm Adam."

* I here refer, of course, to the first class only, for it can scarcely be the passengers by the other classes, who are accustomed to journey very much as figs do in a drum, and would probably break, like earthenware, if they travelled without close packing.

THE BANDS OF LOVE.

Founded on a Lancashire superstition, that a person cannot die in the arms of any one who wishes strongly to retain the parting soul in life.

Oh, let my soul go free, mother!
  Oh, let it rise above;
All cords are loosed from me, from me,
  All, all except thy love.

But thy tears and prayers have bound me—
  She said—within a net;
I can feel the meshes round me,
  That I cannot break through yet;—

I can feel their tendrils creeping
  All around and over me;
They are clasping, holding, keeping,
  Oh, let my soul go free!

There is One at the door would take me,
  He waits till I am free;
I loved one that did forsake me,
  But One in heaven loved me.

When the Master calls, to greet him
  I would not be the last;
I would go on the way to meet him,
  If you did not hold me fast.

There is a wound in my breast, mother!
  A wound both wide and deep;
By day it will not let me rest,
  By night I cannot sleep.

And the last of all wert thou, mother!
  That I had told of my woe;
And I had not told it now, even now,
  But to make you let me go.

Oh! let my soul go free, mother!
  I will come with the birds again;
I will wake you at morn from the old plane-tree
  With a song that knows not pain.

When you think what you cannot speak,
  At evening, a kiss will steal,—
A kiss to dry the tears on your cheek,
  A kiss that you will not feel.

And I know I can scarce be dearer
  To your heart than I have been;
Yet, perhaps, I may then be nearer,
  With nought to come between;

With no shadow from the grieving
  That walks on earth with love;
Its footsteps never leaving,
  For it knows they must part above.

Oh! let my soul go sleep, mother;
  Why, why should love's excess
Still strive within its hold to keep
  What it can no longer bless?

It is but the vain, vain yearning
  Of an eye that follows still
On a step no more returning,
  That it cannot shield from ill.

And such hath been thy love, mother,
  Thy mother-love; but *there*,
In my Father's house above—above,
  There is bread enough and to spare.

We part from one another
  In grief, but we meet in bliss;
We part with the kiss and the tear, mother!
  We meet with the smile and the kiss.

And the dark will grow to light,
  But the light will not pass away.
We part, we part in the mirk midnight,
  But we shall meet in the day.

There is a sore strife for my breath,
  But on it rest begins;
Oh, love is strong—is strong as death,
  But it is not *now* it wins!

And thine, and thine is my love, mother!
  But I should not pray *to thee;*
I would speak with One above, mother!
  Oh, let my soul go free! D. G.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MATTHEW FROST'S NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

Old Matthew Frost sat in his room at the back of the kitchen. It was his bed-room and sitting-room combined. Since he had grown feeble, the bustle of the kitchen and of Robin's family disturbed him, and he sat much in his chamber; they frequently taking his dinner in to him.

A thoroughly comfortable arm-chair had Matthew. It had been the gift of Lionel Verner. At his elbow was a small, round table, of very dark wood, rubbed to brightness. On that table Matthew's large Bible might generally be found open, and Matthew's spectacled eyes bending over it. But the Bible was closed to-day. He sat in deep thought. His hands clasped upon his stick; something after the manner of old Mr. Verner; and his eyes fixed through the open window at the September sun, as it played on the gooseberry and currant bushes in the cottage garden.

The door opened, and Robin's wife—her hands and arms white, for she was kneading dough—appeared, showing in Lionel. The old man rose, and stood leaning on his stick.

"Sit down, Matthew," said Lionel, in a kindly tone. "Don't let me disturb you. He made him go into his seat again, and took a chair opposite to him.

"The time's gone sir, for me to stand afore you. That time must go for us all."

"Ay, that it must, Matthew, if we live. I came in to speak to Robin. His wife says she does not know where he is."

"He's here, and there, and everywhere," was old Matthew's answer. "One never knows how to take him, sir, or when to see him. My late master's bounty to me, sir, is keeping us in comfort, but I often ask Robin what he'll do when I am gone. It gives me many an hour's care, sir. Robin, he don't earn the half of a living now."

"Be easy, Matthew," was Lionel's answer. "I am not sure the annuity, or part of it, will not be continued to Robin. My uncle left it in my charge to do as I should see fit. I have never mentioned it, even to you; and I think it might be as well for you not to speak of it to Robin. It is to be hoped that he will get steady and hard-working again; were he to hear that there was a chance of his being kept without work, he might never become so."

"The Lord bless my old master!" aspirated Matthew, lifting his hands. "The Lord bless you, sir! There's not many gentlemen would do for us what him and you have."

Lionel bent his head forward, and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Matthew, what is this that I hear about Robin's going about the grounds at night with a loaded gun?"

Matthew flung up his hands. Not with the reverence of the past minute, but with a gesture of despair.

"Heaven knows what he does it for, sir! I'd keep him in; but it's beyond me."

"I know you would. You went yourself to him last night, Broom tells me."

Matthew's eyes fell. He hesitated much in his answer.

"I—yes, sir,—I—I couldn't get him home. It's a pity."

"You got as far as the brick-kilns, I hear. I was surprised. I don't think you should be out at night, Matthew."

"No, sir, I am not a-going again."

The words this time were spoken readily enough. But from some cause or other, the old man was evidently embarrassed. His eyes were not lifted, and his clear face had gone red. Lionel searched his imagination for a reason, and could only connect it with his son.

"Matthew," said he, "I am about to ask you a painful question. I hope you will answer it. Is Robin perfectly sane?"

"Ay, sir, as sane as I am. Unsettled he is, ever dwelling on poor Rachel, ever thinking of revenge; but his senses be as much his as they ever were. I wish his mind could be set at rest."

"At rest in what way?"

"As to who it was that did the harm to Rachel. He has had it in his head for a long while, sir, that it was Mr. John Massingbird; but he can't be certain, and it's the uncertainty that keeps his mind on the worrit."

"Do you know where he picked up the notion that it was Mr. John Massingbird?" inquired Lionel, remembering the conversation on the same point that Robin had once held with him, on that very garden bench, in face of which he and Matthew were now sitting.

Old Matthew shook his head.

"I never could learn, sir. Robin's a dutiful son to me, but he'd never tell me that. I know that Mr. John Massingbird has been like a pill in his throat this many a day. Oftentimes have I felt thankful that he was dead, or Robin would surely have gone out to where he was, and murdered him. Murder wouldn't mend the ill, sir—as I have told him many a time."

"Indeed it would not," replied Lionel. "The very fact of Mr. John Massingbird's being dead, should have the effect of setting Robin's mind at rest—if it was to him that his suspicions were directed. For my part, I think Robin is wrong in suspecting him."

"I think so too, sir. I don't know how it is, but I can't bring my mind to supect him more than anybody else. I have thought over things in this light, and I have thought 'em over in that light; and rather incline to believe that she got acquainted with some stranger, poor dear! than that it was anybody known to us. Robin is in doubt; he has had some cause given him to suspect Mr. John Massingbird, but he is not sure, and it's that doubt, I say, that worrits him."

"At any rate, doubt or no doubt, there is no cause for him to go about at night with a gun. What does he do it for?"

"I have asked him, sir, and he does not answer. He seems to me to be on the watch."

"On the watch for what?" rejoined Lionel.

"I'm sure I don't know," said old Matthew. "If you'd say a word to him, sir, it might stop it. He got a foolish notion into his mind that poor Rachel's spirit might come again, and he'd used to be about the pond pretty near every moonlight night. That fancy passed off, and he has gone to his bed at night as the rest of us have, up to the last week or so, when he has taken to go out again, and to carry a gun."

"It was a foolish notion," remarked Lionel. "The dead do not come again, Matthew."

Matthew made no reply. Lionel rose.

"I must try and come across Robin. I wish you would tell him to come up to me, Matthew."

"Sir, if you desire that he shall wait upon you at Verner's Pride, he will be sure to do so," said the old man, leaning on his stick as he stood. "He'd not go the length of disobeying an order of yours. I'll tell him."

It happened that Lionel did "come across" Robin Frost. Not to any effect, however, for he could not get to speak to him. Lionel was striking across some fields towards Deerham Court, when he came in view of Roy and Robin Frost leaning over a gate, their heads together in close confab. It looked very much as though they were talking secrets. They looked up and saw him; but when he reached the place, both were gone. Roy was in sight, but the other had entirely disappeared. Lionel lifted his voice.

"Roy, I want you."

Roy could not feign deafness, though there was every appearance that he would like to do it. He turned and approached, putting his hand to his hat in a half surly manner.

"Where's Robin Frost?"

"Robin Frost, sir? He was here a minute or two agone. I met him accidental, and I stopped him to ask what he was about, that he hadn't been at work this three days. He went on his way then, down the gap. Did you want him, sir?"

Lionel Verner's perceptive faculties were tolerably developed. That Roy was endeavoring to blind him, he had no doubt. They had not met "accidental," and the topic of conversation had not been Robin's work—of that he felt sure. Roy and Robin Frost might meet and talk together all day long, it was nothing to him; why they should strive to deceive him was the only curious part about it. Both had striven to avoid meeting him; and Roy was talking to him now unwillingly. In a general way, Robin Frost was fond of meeting and receiving a word from Mr. Verner.

"I shall see him another time," carelessly remarked Lionel. "Not so fast, Roy,"—for the man was turning away—"I have not done with you. Will you be good enough to inform me what you were doing in front of my house last night?"

"I wasn't doing anything, sir. I wasn't there."

"Oh, yes, you were," said Lionel. "Recollect yourself. You were posted under the large yew tree on the lawn, watching my drawing-room windows."

Roy looked up at this, the most intense surprise in his countenance.

"I never was on your lawn last night, sir; I wasn't near it. Leastways not nearer than the side field. I happened to be in that, and I got through a gap in the hedge on to the high road."

"Roy, I believe that you *were* on the lawn last night, watching the house," persisted Lionel, looking fixedly at his countenance.—For the life of him he could not tell whether the man's surprise was genuine, his denial real. "What business had you there?"

"I declare to goodness, if it was the last word I had to speak, that I was not on your lawn, sir,—that I did not watch the house. I did not go near the house. I crossed the side field, cornerwise, and got out into the road; and that's the nearest I was to the the house last night."

Roy spoke unusually impressive for him, and Lionel began to believe that, so far, he was telling truth. He did not make any immediate reply, and Roy resumed.

"What cause have you got to accuse me, sir? I shouldn't be likely to watch your house—why should I?"

"Some man was watching it," replied Lionel. "And as you were seen in the road shortly afterwards, close to the side field, I came to the conclusion that it was you."

"I can be upon my oath that it wasn't, sir," answered Roy.

"Very well," replied Lionel, "I accept your denial. But allow me to give you a recommendation, Roy,—not to trouble yourself with my affairs in any way. They do not concern you; they never will concern you; therefore don't meddle with them."

He walked away as he spoke. Roy stood and gazed after him, a strange expression on his countenance. Had Lucy Tempest seen it, she might have renewed her warning to Lionel. And yet she would have been puzzled to tell the meaning of the expression, for it did not look like a threatening one.

Had Lionel Verner turned up Clay Lane, upon leaving Matthew Frost's cottage, instead of down it, to take a path across the fields at the back, he would have encountered the vicar of Deerham. That gentleman was paying parochial visits that day in Clay Lane, and in due course he came to Matthew Frost's. He and Matthew had long been upon confidential terms: the clergyman respected Matthew, and Matthew revered his pastor.

Mr. Bourne took the seat which Lionel had but recently vacated. He was so accustomed to the old man's habitual countenance that he could detect every change in it: and he saw that something was troubling him.

"I am troubled in more ways than one, sir," was the old man's answer. "Poor Robin, he's giving me trouble again: and last night, sir, I had a sort of fright. A shock, it may be said. I can't overget it."

"What was its nature?" asked Mr. Bourne.

"I don't much like to speak of it, sir:—and, beside yourself, there's not a living man that I'd open my lips to. It's an unpleasant thing to have upon the mind. Mr. Verner, he was here but a few minutes agone, and I felt before him like a guilty man that has something to conceal. When I have told it to you, sir, you'll be hard of belief."

"Is it connected with Robin?"

"No, sir. But it was my going after Robin that led to it, as may be said. Robin, sir, has took these last few nights to go out with a gun. It has worrited me so, sir, fearing some mischief might ensue, that I couldn't sleep; and last evening, I thought I'd hobble out and see if I couldn't get him home. Chuff, he said, as he had seen him go toward the brickfield, and I managed to get down: and, sure enough, I came upon Robin. He was lying down at the edge of the field, watching, as it seemed to me. I couldn't get him home, sir. I tried hard, but 'twas of no use. He spoke respectful to me, as he always does: 'Father, I have got my work to do, and, I must do it. You go back home, and go to sleep in quiet.' It was all I could get from him, sir, and at last I turned to go back—"

"What was Robin doing?" interrupted Mr. Bourne.

"Sir, I suppose it's just some fancy or other that he has got into his head, like he used to get, after the poor child died. Mr. Verner has just asked me whether he is sane, but there's nothing of that sort wrong about him. You mind the clump of trees that stands out, sir, between here and the brickfield, by the path that would lead to Verner's Pride?" added old Matthew in an altered tone.

"Yes," said Mr. Bourne.

"I had just got past it, sir, when I saw a figure crossing that bare corner from the other trees. A man's shape, it looked like. Tall and shadowy it was, wearing what looked like a long garment, or a woman's riding-habit, trailing on the ground. The very moment my eyes fell upon it, I felt that it was something strange, and when the figure passed me, turning its face upon me, I *saw* the face, sir."

Old Matthew's manner was so peculiar, his pause so impressive, that Mr. Bourne could only gaze at him, and wait in wonder for what was coming.

"Sir, it was the face of one who has been dead this two years past—Mr. Frederick Massingbird."

If the rector had gazed at old Matthew before, he could only stare now. That the calm, sensible old man should fall into so extraordinary a delusion, was incomprehensible. He might have believed it of Deerham in general, but not of Matthew Frost.

"Matthew, you must have been deceived," was his quiet answer.

"No, sir. There never was another face like Mr. Frederick Massingbird's. Other features may have been made like his—it's not for me to say they have not—but whose else would have the black mark upon it? The moonlight was full upon it, and I could see even the little lines shooting out from the cheek, so bright was the night. The face was turned right upon me as it passed, and I am as clear about its being his as I am that it was me looking at it."

"But you know it is a thing absolutely impossible," urged Mr. Bourne. "I think you must have dreamt this, Matthew."

Old Matthew shook his head.

"I wouldn't have told you a dream, sir. It turned me all in a maze; I never felt the fatigue of a step all the way home after it. When I got in I couldn't eat my supper; I couldn't go to bed. I sat up thinking, and the wife, she came in and asked what ailed me that I didn't go to rest. I had got no sleep in my eyes, I told her, which was true; for, when I did get to bed, it was hours afore I could close 'em."

"But, Matthew, I tell you that it is impossible. You must have been mistaken."

"Sir, until last night, had anybody told me such a thing, I should have said it was impossible. You know, sir, I have never been given to such fancies. There's no doubt, sir; there's *no doubt* that it was the spirit of Mr. Frederick Massingbird."

Matthew's clear, intelligent eye was fixed firmly on Mr. Bourne's—his face, as usual, bending a little forward. Mr. Bourne had never believed in "spirits:" clergyman, as a rule, do not. A half smile crossed his lips.

"Were you frightened?" he asked.

"I was not frightened, sir, in the sense that you, perhaps, put the question. I was surprised, startled. Like I might have been surprised and startled at seeing anybody I least expected to see—somebody that I had thought was miles away. Since poor Rachel's death, sir, I have lived, so to say, in communion with spirits; what with Robin's talking of his hope to see *hers*, and my constantly thinking of her, knowing also that it can't be long, in the course of nature, before I am one myself, I have grown to be, as it were, familiar with the dead in my mind. Thus, sir, in that sense, no fear came upon me last night. I don't think, sir, I should feel fear at meeting or being alone with a spirit, any more than I should at meeting a man. But I was startled and disturbed."

"Matthew," cried Mr. Bourne, in some perplexity, "I had always believed you superior to these foolish things. Ghosts might do well enough for the old days, but the world has grown older and wiser. At any rate, the greater portion of it has."

"If you mean, sir, that I was superior to the belief in ghosts, you are right. I never had a grain of faith in such superstition in my life; and I have tried all means to convince my son what folly it was of him to hover round about the willow pond, with any thought that Rachel might 'come again.' No, sir, I have never been given to it."

"And yet you deliberately assure me, Matthew, that you saw a ghost last night?"

"Sir, that it was Mr. Frederick Massingbird, dead or alive, that I saw, I must hold to. We know that he is dead, sir; his wife buried him in that far land; so what am I to believe? The face looked ghastly white; not like a person's living."

Mr. Bourne mused. That Frederick Massingbird was dead and buried, there could not be the slightest doubt. He hardly knew what to make of old Matthew. The latter resumed.

"Had I been flurried, or terrified by it, sir, so as to lose my presence of mind, or if I was one of these timid ones that see signs in dreams, or take every white post to be a ghost, that they come to on a dark night, you might laugh at and disbelieve me. But I tell it to you, sir, as you say deliberste; just as it happened. I can't have much longer time to live, sir; but I'd stake it all on the truth that it was the spirit of Mr. Frederick Massingbird. When you have once known a man, there are a hundred points by which you may recognize him, beyond possibility of being mistaken. They have got a story in the place, sir, to-day—as you may have heard—that my poor child's ghost appeared to Dan Duff last night, and that the boy has been senseless ever since. It has struck me, sir, that, perhaps, he also saw what I did."

Mr. Bourne paused. "Did you say anything of this to Mr. Verner?"

"Not I, sir. As I tell you, I felt like a guilty man in his presence, one with something to hide. He married Mr. Fred's widow, pretty creature, and it don't seem a nice thing to tell him. If it had been the other gentleman's spirit, Mr. John's, I should have told him at once."

Mr. Bourne rose. To argue with old Matthew in his present state of mind, appeared to be about as useless a waste of time as to argue with Susan Peckaby on the subject of the white donkey. He told him he would see him again in a day or two, and took his departure.

But he did not dismiss the subject from his mind. No, he could not do that. He was puzzled. Such a tale from one like old Matthew—calm, pious, sensible, and verging on the grave, made more impression on Mr. Bourne than all Deerham could have made. Had Deerham come to him with the story, he would have flung it to the winds.

He began to think that some person, from evil design or love of mischief, must be personating Frederick Massingbird. It was a natural conclusion. And Matthew's surmise, that the same thing might have alarmed Dan Duff, was perfectly probable. Mr. Bourne determined to ascertain the latter fact, as soon as Dan should be in a state of sufficient convalescence, bodily and mentally, to give an account. He had already paid one visit to Mrs. Duff's—as that lady informed Lionel.

Two or three more he paid during the day, but not until night did he find Dan revived. In point of fact, the clergyman penetrated to the kitchen, just after the startling communication had been made by Dan. The women were standing in consternation when the vicar entered: one of them strongly recommending that the copper furnace should be heated, and Dan plunged into it to "bring him round."

"How is he now?" began Mr. Bourne. "Oh! I see: he is sensible."

"Well, sir, I don't know," said Mrs. Duff. "I'm afraid as his head's a-going right off. He persists in saying now that it wasn't the ghost of Rachel at all, but—but somebody else's."

"If he was put into a good hot furnace, sir, and kep' at a even heat up to biling point for half an hour—that is, as near biling as his skin could bear it—I know it 'ud do wonders," spoke up Mrs. Chuff. "It's a excellent remedy, where there's a furnace convenient, and water not short."

"Suppose you allow me to be alone with him for a few minutes," suggested Mr. Bourne. "We will try and find out what will cure him, won't we, Dan?"

The women filed out one by one. Mr. Bourne sat down by the boy, and took his hand. In a soothing manner he talked to him, and drew from him by gentle degrees the whole tale, so far as Dan's memory and belief went. The book shook in every limb as he told it. He could not boast immunity from ghostly fears like old Matthew Frost.

"But, my boy, you should know that there are no such things as ghosts," urged Mr. Bourne. "When once the dead have left this world, they do not come back to it again."

"I see'd it, sir," was Dan's only argument—an all-sufficient one with him. "It was stood over the pool, it was, and it turned round right upon me as I went up. I see the porkypine on his cheek, sir, as plain as anything."

The same account as old Matthew's!

"How was the person dressed?" asked Mr. Bourne. "Did you notice?"

"It had got on some'at long—a coat or a skirt or some'at. 'Twas as thin as thin, sir."

"Dan, shall I tell you what it was—as I believe? It was somebody dressed up to frighten you and other timid persons."

Dan shook his head.

"No, sir, 'twasn't. 'Twas the ghost of Mr. Frederick Massingbird."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MASTER CHEESE'S FRIGHT. OTHER FRIGHTS.

Strange rumors began to be rife in Deerham. The extraordinary news told by Dan Duff would have been ascribed to some peculiar hallucination of that gentleman's brain, and there's no knowing but what the furnace might have been tried as a cure, had not other testimony arisen to corroborate it. Four or five different people, in the course of as many days—or rather nights—saw, or professed to have seen, the apparition of Frederick Massingbird.

One of them was Master Cheese. He was coming home from paying a professional visit—in slight, straightforward cases Jan could trust him—when he saw by the roadside what appeared to be a man standing up under the hedge, as if he had taken his station there to look at the passers-by.

"He's up to no good," quoth Master Cheese to himself. "I'll go and dislodge the fellow."

Accordingly Master Cheese turned off the path where he was walking, and crossed the waste bit—only a yard or two in breadth—that ran by the side of the road. Master Cheese, it must be confessed, did not want for bravery; he had a great deal rather face danger of any kind than hard work; and the rumor about Fred Massingbird's ghost had been rare nuts for him to crack. Up he went, having no thought in his head at that moment of ghosts, but rather of poachers.

"I say, you fellow—" he was beginning, and there he stopped, dead.

He stopped dead, both in step and tongue. The figure, never moving, never giving the faintest indication that it was alive, stood there like a statue. Master Cheese looked in its face, and saw the face of the late Frederick Massingbird.

It is *not* pleasant to come across a dead man at moonlight—a man whose body has been safely reposing in the ground ever so long ago. Master Cheese did not howl as Dan Duff had done. He set off down the road—he was too fat to propel himself over or through the hedge, though that was the nearest way—he took to his heels down the road, and arrived in an incredibly short space of time at home, bursting into the surgery and astonishing Jan and the surgery boy.

"I say, Jan, though, haven't I had a fright?"

Jan, at the moment, was searching in the prescription book. He raised his eyes, and looked over the counter. Master Cheese's face had turned white, and drops of wet were pouring off it—in spite of his bravery.

"What have you been at?" asked Jan.

"I saw the thing they are talking about, Jan. It *is* Fred Massingbird's."

Jan grinned. That Master Cheese's fright was genuine there could be no mistaking, and it amused Jan excessively.

"What had you been taking?" asked he in his incredulity.

"I had taken nothing," retorted Master Cheese, who did not like the ridicule. "I had not had the opportunity of taking anything—unless it was your medicine. Catch me tapping that! Look here, Jan. I was coming by Crow Corner, when I saw a something standing back in the hedge. I thought it was some poaching fellow hiding there, and went up to dislodge him. Didn't I wish myself up in the skies? It was the face of Fred Massingbird."

"The face of your fancy," slightingly returned Jan.

"I swear it was, then! There! There's no mistaking *him*. The hedgehog on his cheek looked larger and blacker than ever."

Master Cheese did not fail to talk of this abroad; the surgery boy, Bob, who had listened with open ears, did not fail to talk of it, and it spread throughout Deerham; additional testimony to that already accumulated. In a few days' time, the commotion was at its height; nearly the only persons who remained in ignorance of the reported facts being the master and mistress of Verner's Pride, and those connected with them, relatives on either side.

That some great internal storm of superstition was shaking Deerham, Lionel knew. In his happy ignorance, he attributed it to the rumor which had first been circulated, touching Rachel's ghost. He was an ear-witness to an angry colloquy at home. Some indispensable trifle for his wife's toilette was required suddenly from Deerham one evening, and Mademoiselle Benoite ordered that it should be sent for. But not one of the maids would go. The French maid insisted, and there ensued a stormy war. The girls, one and all, declared they'd rather give up their service, than go abroad after nightfall.

When the fears and the superstitions came palpably in Lionel's way, he made fun of it—as Jan might have done. Once or twice he felt half provoked, and asked the people, in a tone between earnest and jest, whether they were not ashamed of themselves. Little reply made they; not one of them but seemed to shrink from mentioning to Lionel Verner the name that the ghost had borne in life.

On nearly the last evening that it would be light during this moon, Mr. Bourne started from home to pay a visit to Mrs. Hook, the laborer's wife. The woman had been ailing for some time; partly from natural illness, partly from chagrin—for her daughter Alice was the talk of the village—and she had now become seriously ill. On this day Mr. Bourne had accidentally met Jan; and, in conversing upon parish matters, he had inquired after Mrs. Hook.

"Very much worse," was Jan's answer. "Unless a change takes place, she'll not last many days."

The clergyman was shocked; he had not deemed her to be in danger.

"I will go and see her to-day," said he. "You can tell her that I am coming."

He was a conscientious man; liking to do his duty; especially to those that were in sickness or trouble. Neither did he willingly break a specific promise. He made no doubt that Jan delivered the message; and therefore he went; though it was late at night when he started, other duties having detained him throughout the day.

His most direct way from the vicarage to Hook's cottage, took him past the willow pond. *He* had no fear of ghosts, and therefore he chose it, in preference to going down Clay Lane, which was further round. The willow pool looked lonely enough as he passed it, its waters gleaming in the moonlight, its willows bending. A little further on, the clergyman's ears became alive to the sound of sobs, as from a person in distress. There was Alice Hook, seated on a bench underneath some elm-trees, sobbing enough to break her heart.

However the girl might have got herself under the censure of the neighborhood, it is a clergyman's office to console, rather than to condemn. And he could not help liking pretty Alice; she had been one of the most tractable pupils in his Sunday-school. He addressed her as soothingly, as considerately, as though she were one of the first ladies in his parish; harshness would not mend the matter now. Her heart opened to the kindness.

"I've broke mother's heart, and killed her!" cried she, with a wild burst of sobs. "But for me, she might have got well."

"She may get well still, Alice," replied the vicar. "I am going on to see her now. What are you doing here?"

"I am on my way, sir, to get the fresh physic for her. Mr. Jan, he said this morning as somebody was to go for it; but the rest have been out all day. As I came along, I got thinking of the time, sir, when I could go about by daylight with my head up, like the best of 'em; and it overcame me."

She rose up, dried her eyes with her shawl, and Mr. Bourne proceeded onwards. He had not gone far, when something came rushing past him from the opposite direction. It seemed more like a thing than a man with its swift pace—and he recognized the face of Frederick Massingbird.

Mr. Bourne's pulse stood still, and then gave a bound onwards. Clergyman though he was, he could not, for his life, have helped the queer feeling which came over him. He had sharply rebuked the superstition in his parishioners; had been inclined to ridicule Matthew Frost; had cherished a firm and unalterable belief that some foolish wight was playing pranks with the public; but all these suppositions and convictions faded in this moment; and the clergyman felt that that which had rustled past was the veritable dead-and-gone Frederick Massingbird, in the spirit or in the flesh.

He shook the feeling off—or strove to shake it. That it was Frederick Massingbird in the

flesh, he did not give a second supposition to; and that it could be Frederick Massingbird in the spirit, was opposed to every past belief of the clergyman's life. But he had never seen such a likeness; and, though the similarity in the features might be accidental, what of the black star?

He strove to shake the feeling off; to say to himself that some one, bearing a similar face, must be in the village; and he went on to his destination. Mrs. Hook was better; but she was lying in the place alone, all of them out somewhere or other. The clergyman talked to her and read to her; and then waited impatiently for the return of Alice. He did not care to leave the woman alone.

"Where are they all?" he asked, not having inquired before.

They were gone to the wake at Broxley, a small place some two miles distant. Of course! Had Mr. Bourne remembered the wake, he need not have put the question.

An arrival at last. It was Jan. Jan, attentive to poor patients as he was to rich ones, had come striding over, the last thing. They asked him if he had seen anything of Alice in his walk. But Jan had come across from Deerham Court, and that would not be the girl's road. Another minute and the husband came in. The two gentlemen left together.

"She is considerably better to-night," remarked Jan. She'll get about now, if she does not fret too much over Alice."

"It is strange where Alice can have got to," remarked Mr. Bourne. Her prolonged absence, coupled with the low spirits the girl appeared to be in, rather weighed upon his mind. "I met her as I was coming here an hour ago," he continued. "She ought to have been home long before this."

"Perhaps she has encountered the ghost," said Jan, in a joke.

"I saw it to-night, Jan."

"Saw what?" asked Jan, looking at Mr. Bourne.

"The—the party that appears to be personating Frederick Massingbird."

"Nonsense!" uttered Jan.

"I did. And I never saw such a likeness in my life."

"Even to the porcupine," ridiculed Jan.

"Even to the porcupine," gravely replied Mr. Bourne. "Jan, I am not joking. Moreover, I do not consider it a subject for a joke. If any one is playing the trick, it is an infamous thing, most disrespectful to your brother and his wife. And if not—"

"If not—what?" asked Jan.

"In truth, I stopped because I can't continue. Frederick Massingbird's spirit it cannot be—unless all our previous belief in non-appearance of spirits is to be upset—and it cannot be Frederick Massingbird in life. He died in Australia, and was buried there. I am puzzled, Jan."

Jan was not. Jan only laughed. He believed there must be something in the moonlight that deceived the people, and that Mr. Bourne had caught the infection like the rest.

"Should it prove to be a trick that any one is playing," resumed the clergyman, "I shall—"

"Halloa!" cried Jan. "What's this? Another ghost?"

They had nearly stumbled over something lying on the ground. A woman, dressed in some light material. Jan stooped.

"It's Alice Hook!" he cried.

The spot was that at which Mr. Bourne had seen her sitting. The empty bottle for medicine in her hand told him that she had not gone upon her errand. She was insensible, and cold.

"She has fainted," remarked Jan. "Lend a hand, will you, sir?"

Between them they got her on the bench, and the stirring revived her. She sighed once or twice, and opened her eyes.

"Alice, girl, what is it? How were you taken ill?" asked the vicar.

She looked up at him; she looked at Jan. Then she turned her eyes in an opposite direction, glanced fearfully round, as if searching for some sight that she dreaded; shuddered, and relapsed into insensibility.

"We must get her home," observed Jan.

"There are no means of getting her home in her present state, unless she is carried," said Mr. Bourne.

"That's easy enough," returned Jan.

He caught her up in his long arms, apparently having to exert little strength in the action.

"Put her petticoats right, will you?" cried he, in his unceremonious fashion.

The clergyman put her things as straight as he could, as they hung over Jan's arm.

"You'll never be able to carry her, Jan," said he.

"Not carry her!" returned Jan. "I could carry you if put to it."

And away he went, bearing his burden as tenderly and easily as if it had been a little child. Mr. Bourne could hardly keep pace with him.

"You go on, and have the door open," said Jan, as they neared the cottage. "We must get her in without the mother hearing upstairs."

They had the kitchen to themselves. Hook, the father, a little the worse for what he had taken, had gone to bed, leaving the door open for his children. They got her in quietly, found a light, and placed her in a chair. Jan took off her bonnet and shawl; he was handy as a woman; and looked about for something to give her. He could find nothing except water. By-and-by she got better.

Her first movement, when she fully recovered her senses, was to clutch hold of Jan on the one side, of Mr. Bourne on the other.

"Is it gone?" she gasped in a voice of the most intense terror.

"Is what gone, child?" asked Mr. Bourne.

"The ghost," she answered. "It came right up, sir, just after you had left me. I'd rather die than see it again."

She was shaking from head to foot. There was no mistaking that her terror was intense. To attempt to meet it with confuting arguments would have been simply folly, and both gentlemen knew that it would. Mr. Bourne concluded that the same sight which had so astonished him, had been seen by the girl.

"I sat down again after you went, sir," she resumed, her teeth chattering. "I knew there was no mighty hurry for my being back as you had gone on to mother, and I sat on ever so long, and it came right up again me, brushing my knees with its things as it passed. At the first moment I thought it might be you coming back to say something to me, sir, and I looked up. It turned its face upon me, and I never remembered nothing after that."

"Whose face?" questioned Jan.

"The ghost's, sir. Mr. Fred Massingbird's."

"Bah!" said Jan. "Faces look alike in the moonlight."

"'Twas his face," answered the girl, from between her shaking lips. "I saw its every feature, sir."

"Porcupine and all?" retorted Jan, ironically.

"Porkypine and all, sir. I'm not sure that I should have knowed it at first, but for the porkypine."

What were they to do with the girl? Leave her there, and go? Jan, who was more skilled in ailments than Mr. Bourne, thought it possible that the fright had seriously injured her.

"You must go to bed at once," said he. "I'll just say a word to your father."

Jan was acquainted with the private arrangements of the Hooks' household. He knew that there was but one sleeping apartment for the whole family—the room above where the sick mother was lying. Father, mother, sons, and daughters all slept there together. The "house" consisted of the kitchen below and the room above it; there were many such on the Verner estate.

Jan carrying the candle to guide him, went softly up the creaky staircase. The wife was sleeping. Hook was sleeping, too, and snoring heavily. Jan had something to do to awake him; shaking seemed useless.

"Look here," said he, in a whisper, when the man was aroused, "Alice has had a fright, and I think she will perhaps be ill through it. If so, mind you come for me without loss of time. Do you understand, Hook?"

Hook signified that he did.

"Very well," replied Jan. "Should—"

"What's that! what's that?"

The alarmed cry came from the mother. She had suddenly awoke.

"It's nothing," said Jan. "I only had a word to say to Hook. You go to sleep again, and sleep quietly."

Somehow Jan's presence carried reassurance with it to most people. Mrs. Hook was contented.

"Is Ally not come in yet?" asked she.

"Come in, and down stairs," replied Jan. "Good-night. Now," said he to Alice, when he returned to the kitchen, "you go on to bed and get to sleep: and don't get dreaming of ghosts and goblins."

They were going out at the door, the clergyman and Jan, when the girl flew to them in a fresh attack of terror.

"I daren't be left alone," she gasped. "Oh, stop a minute! Pray stop, till I be gone upstairs."

"Here," said Jan, making light of it. "I'll marshal you up."

He held the candle, and the girl flew up stairs as fast as young Cheese had flown from the ghost. Her breath was panting, her bosom throbbing. Jan blew out the candle, and he and Mr. Bourne departed, merely shutting the door. Laborers' cottages have no fear of midnight robbers.

"What do you think now?" asked Mr. Bourne, as they moved along.

Jan looked at him.

"*You* are not thinking, surely, that it is Fred Massingbird's ghost!"

"No. But I should advise Mr. Verner to place a watch, and have the thing cleared up—who it is, and what it is."

"Why Mr. Verner?"

"Because it is on his land that the disturbance is occurring. This girl has been seriously frightened."

"You may have cause to know that before many hours are over," answered Jan.

"Why! you don't fear that she will be seriously ill?"

"Time will show," was all the answer given by Jan. "As to the ghost, I'll either believe in him, or disbelieve him, when I come across him. If he were a respectable ghost, he'd confine himself to the churchyard, and not walk in unorthodox places, to frighten folks."

They looked somewhat curiously at the seat near which Alice had fallen; at the willow pond, further on. There was no trace of a ghost about then—at least, that they could see—and they continued their way. In emerging upon the high road, who should they meet but old Mr. Bitterworth and Lionel, arm in arm. They had been to an evening meeting of the magistrates at Deerham, and were walking home together.

To see the vicar and surgeon of a country village in company by night, imparts the idea that some one of its inhabitants may be in extremity. It did so now to Mr. Bitterworth:

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"From Hook's," answered Jan. "The mother's better to-night; but I have had another patient there. The girl Alice has seen the ghost, or fancied that she saw it, and was terrified out of her senses."

"How is she going on?" asked Mr. Bitterworth.

"Physically, do you mean, sir?"

"No, I meant morally, Jan. If all accounts are true, the girl has been losing herself."

"Law!" said Jan. "Deerham has known that this many a month past. I'd try and stop it, if I were Lionel."

"Stop what?" asked Lionel.

"I'd build 'em better dwellings," composedly went on Jan. "They might be brought up to decency then."

"It is true that decency can't put its head into such dwellings as that of the Hooks," observed the vicar. "People have accused me of showing leniency to Alice Hook, since the scandle has been known; but I cannot show harshness to her when I think of the home the girl was reared in."

The words pricked Lionel. None could think worse of the homes than he did. He spoke in a cross tone; we are all apt to do so, when vexed with ourselves.

"What possesses Deerham to show itself so absurd just now? Ghosts! They only affect fear, it is my belief."

"Alice Hook did not affect it, for one," said Jan. "She may have been frightened to some purpose. We found her lying on the ground, insensible. They are stupid, though, all the lot of them."

"Stupid is not the name for it," remarked Lionel. "A little superstition, following on Rachel's peculiar death, may have been excusable, considering the ignorance of the people here, and the tendency to superstition inherent in human nature. But why it should have been revived now, I cannot imagine."

Mr. Bitterworth and Jan had walked on. The vicar touched Lionel on the arm, not immediately to follow them.

"Mr. Verner, I do not hold good with the policy which seems to prevail, of keeping this matter from you," he said, in a confidential tone. "I cannot see the expediency of it in any way. It is not Rachel Frost's ghost that is said to be terrifying people."

"Whose then?" asked Lionel.

"Frederick Massingbird's."

Lionel paused, as if his ears deceived him.

"*Whose!*" he repeated.

"Frederick Massingbird's."

"How perfectly absurd!" he presently exclaimed.

"True," said Mr. Bourne. "So absurd that, were it not for a circumstance which has happened to-night, I scarcely think I should have brought myself to repeat it. My conviction is, that some person bearing an extraordinary resemblance to Frederick Massingbird is walking about to terrify the neighborhood."

"I should think there's not another face living that bears a resemblance to Fred Massingbird's," observed Lionel. "How have you heard this?"

"The first to tell me of it was old Matthew Frost. He saw him plainly, believing it to be Frederick Massingbird's spirit—although he had never believed in spirits before. Dan Duff holds to it that *he* saw it; and now Alice Hook: besides others. I turned a deaf ear to all, Mr. Verner; but to-night I met one so like Frederick Massingbird that, were Massingbird not dead, I could have sworn it was himself. It was wondrously like him, even to the mark on the cheek."

"I never heard such a tale!" uttered Lionel.

"As I said—until to-night. I assure you the resemblance is so great that if we have all female Deerham in fits, I shall not wonder. It strikes me—it is the only solution I can come to—that some one is personating Frederick Massingbird for the purpose of a mischievous joke—though how they get up the resemblance is another thing. Let me advise you to see into it, Mr. Verner."

They were turning round in front, waiting, and the vicar hastened on, leaving Lionel glued to the spot where he stood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HONESTY IN LITTLE THINGS.

The following curious account of a practical sermon is copied from the Vermont Chronicle:—

A brother in the ministry took occasion to preach on the passage in Luke xvi. 10: "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." The theme was, "that men who take advantage in small things of others, have the very element of character to wrong the community and individuals in great things, where the prospect of escaping detection or censure is as little to be dreaded." The preacher exposed the various ways by which people wrong others; such as borrowing; by mistakes in making change; by errors in accounts; by escaping taxes and custom-house duties; by managing to escape postage; by finding articles and never seeking owners; and by injuring articles borrowed, and never making the fact known to the owner when returned. One lady the next day met her pastor, and said, "I have been up to Mr. ——, to rectify an error he made in giving me change a few weeks ago, for I felt bitterly your reproof yesterday." Another individual went to Boston to pay for an article not in her bill, which she noticed was not charged when she paid it. A man, going home from meeting, said to his companion, "I do not believe there was a man in the meeting-house to day who did not feel condemned." After applying the sermon to a score or more of his acquaintances, he continued, "Did not the pastor utter something about finding a pair of wheels?" "I believe not, neighbor A. He spoke of keeping little things which had been found." "Well, I thought two or three times he said something about finding a pair of wheels, and really supposed he meant me. I found a pair down in my lot a while ago." "Do you," said his companion, "know who they belong to? Mr. B. lost them a short time ago." The owner was soon in possession of his wheels.

☞ A strange incident occurred the other day at Elberfield. A young man took a phosphoric match from a box to light a cigar. The matches being tightly packed, the young man introduced his finger nail between them to extract one, when a small portion of phosphorus passed under the nail and ignited. The flame was immediately extinguished, but the hand swelled so much that a surgeon advised its amputation. The young man would not consent to this, and in a few hours afterward his whole arm had to be amputated to save his life.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is said that the astonishing leaks in the War Department, which have excited so much comment ever since the war broke out, have at last been discovered in the person of a traitor clerk, who has intimate connections with the Jeff Davis government. Grave charges have been preferred against this person, and they are now undergoing an investigation.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Chemical Bureau.—The "chemical bureau" of the Agricultural Department, which was provided for by the legislation of the last Congress, promises to become a great service to the country. Professor Wetherell, of Philadelphia, who is chief chemist, has made an analysis of twenty varieties of native grapes. The results will be published in the next annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

A recent letter from Arkansas says that the negroes (contrabands) of Helena are unwilling to be sent North, neither do they want to go back to slavery. They readily consent to work for wages. Arrangements are being made by which they are to be paid fifty cents per day, except in cotton picking, when they are to have seventy-five cents.

The payment of many of the old regiments is delayed by a scarcity of treasury notes.—The energies of the government have of late been directed to the production of the postal currency. The printing of the treasury notes has not, therefore, been pushed as it would have been had silver change abounded. Also about fifteen millions of currency has been absorbed in paying the month's advance pay and bounty of the new levies.

Plenty and Cheap.—Apples are so plenty in Western New York that they can be bought for fifty cents a barrel! Potatoes show no symptoms of disease, and the best ones are sold for a dollar a barrel, including package. One farmer has an orchard of choice grafted fruit, and offered the whole of his crop of apples at twelve and a half cents per bushel, the purchaser to gather the fruit and select only such as he wanted and could sell.

Brig.-Gen. Edwin Price, a son of ex-Governor Price, of Missouri, has resigned his commission in the rebel army and returned to St. Louis, believing that the rebellion is a failure. He has taken the oath of allegiance, and promises to observe it faithfully. He sent his resignation through Gen. Curtis to the rebels.

The clergymen of Brantford, C. W., have signed and published a document calling the attention of their congregations to the impropriety of having funerals on Sunday, and agreeing not to attend them except in a case of absolute necessity.

An Englishman Wants Maine.—Mr. Locke King, a member of Parliament, has lately made a speech, in which he said, that if England had gone to war on the Trent affair, she "would not have rested until she had obtained that which she had a right to, namely, the State of Maine and the harbor of Portland."

A soldier from Delaware county, Iowa, states that the first intimation he had of the President's proclamation, was from a runaway negro slave in Northern Mississippi. The soldier did not hear it from Northern sources till he had arrived within twelve miles of the Ohio river.

Exodus from St. John, N. B.—The St. John Globe says that, during the past fortnight, a large number of mechanics and working men have left that city and gone to the United States, attracted thither by the high rate of wages, and apparently not daunted by the unsettled state of affairs in that country.

A Heavy Blow to the Rebels.—Refugees who have reached the United States bark Kingfisher, on the coast of Florida, report that the late destruction of the extensive steam salt works in St. Joseph's Bay, Florida, on the 8th ultimo, by the Kingfisher, was a heavy blow to the rebels, and created great excitement throughout Georgia and Florida, these works having been the main source on which these states relied for a supply of salt for their winter's provisions for their troops, and that it was a greater injury to the rebel cause than if we had captured twenty thousand of their troops.

The Revenue.—If the remainder of the year 1863 be as prosperous as the part which has gone by, the sum total of receipts from customs for the year will be over $65,000,000, a greater amount than has ever been collected in any previous year.

Mrs. Jessie Fremont has in press a volume entitled—"The Story of the Guard: or, Chronicle of the War," in which it is said she will "tell home truths appertaining to her husband's much abused campaign in Missouri."

A Newspaper Office Demolished.—A Democratic paper, called the American Volunteer, published at Carlisle, Pa., was suppressed on Saturday last by the demolition of its materials by the Anderson Troop stationed there, aided by some citizens. The offence given was an editorial article referring to the results of the late election, and speaking in disparagement of the President.

The 73d Illinois regiment contains twenty-five Methodist clergymen, among whom are included the colonel and seven captains.

A prolicsome husband in Syracuse, a few nights since, hid under his bed, and when his wife, unconscious of his concealment, came in, took her suddenly by the leg. She shrieked, fell senseless, and is now a raving maniac.

A violent snow storm occurred at Rochester, N. Y., on Saturday, the 25th, the snow lying four inches deep on the ground. Much damage was done to trees and fruit.

The deep black with which our war ships have been painted is supposed to be the cause of making them a prominent mark to shoot at, and, consequently, is now changed to a grayish drab. The screw steamer R. R. Cuyler, 7, and the screw sloop Ossibee, 9, now at the Portsmouth yard, have both been painted this shade, which makes them much more invisible, so that one standing on one side of the river can hardly distinguish the vessels from the wharf or water, whereas a small black boat and a schooner in the immediate vicinity stand out in bold relief.

General Beauregard has presented a silver mounted pistol to General Jackson, of a new pattern, made in Paris expressly for Jackson. It is a revolver, constructed to throw balls as a cannon throws grape-shot. With this weapon he can destroy half a dozen enemies at a single discharge. So says a southern paper. After this he will not be "Stonewall Jackson" any longer, but "Blunderbus Jackson," we suppose.

A gentleman lately returned from Europe, says that half the people he met supposed North America was at war with South America, and he was frequently asked where the state of New England was.

Governor Curtin has no knowledge whatever upon the subject of another meeting of the Governors at Washington. The whole story is a canard.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin of Monday states that *it was not* Mrs. Anna Bishop, the operatic singer, who was lately burned to death in that city, but another lady of the same name—the wife of the proprietor of the City Hotel, at St. Paul, Minnesota.

A Tunnel is now being made under the river Indus, to form a link in the great chain of railroad between Calcutta and Peshawur. Native soldiers are employed upon the work.

NEWS FROM REBEL SOURCES.

Rebel Evacuation of Holly Springs—Gen. Butler at Pensacola—Expedition Against the Mobile Railroad.

Cairo, Oct. 31.—A late Grenada Appeal says that Gen. Price is reported to have evacuated Holly Springs on Sunday last.

The Columbus (Georgia) Times, of the 30th of Oct., says that Gen. Butler, with 7,000 men, had landed at Pensacola, and it was expected he would advance on the junction of the Mobile, Montgomery and Pensacola Railroads.

Cairo, Oct. 31.—We have the following additional southern items:—Gen. Hindman is in prison at Little Rock, Arkansas, and will shortly be taken to Richmond for trial. A large number of charges are brought against him.

Gen. Albert Pike has written a long letter to the Arkansas Patriot, showing up Gen. Hindman's course. He says, that while Gen. Hindman was in Memphis, he went to the banks of that city, under the assumed authority of Gen. Beauregard, and made them "fork over" a million of dollars for military operations in Arkansas, and that after getting into the latter state, he issued a series of most extraordinary orders.

The first declared martial law; the next had all the cotton seized for the Confederate government; the next ordered all provisions, of whatever kind, likely to fall into the hands of Gen. Curtis, to be destroyed, the next that all the wells in the country through which Gen. Curtis's army might pass, should be poisoned; and, finally, that no citizen should pass beyond the limits of Arkansas for any purpose whatever.

A JUDICIAL VIEW of the EMANCIPATION ACT.

Theophilus Parsons, the distinguished jurist, in a letter to the Boston Advertiser, says:—

"There are three questions concerning the President's emancipation proclamation. One, Has he a constitutional power to issue it, as a civil, political, or administrative act? The second, Was it expedient? The third, Has he constitutional power as Commander-in-Chief to issue it, at this time, as a military act? These questions are perfectly distinct. One of the most common and most fruitful causes of error upon all subjects is the mingling of questions which are distinct in themselves, but so near each other that they confuse each other. Let us separate these questions. I am sure that the President has no power to emancipate a single slave, as a civil, political, or administrative act. Was it expedient? I leave this question to the President, for he is honest, he is capable; he has considered the question long, carefully, and painfully, and in all the relations in which it can present itself. However wise I may be, or Judge Curtis may be, on this subject, the President must be wiser, or all rules of probability fail. As to the remaining questions, I have not the slightest doubt of his constitutional power as Commander-in-Chief, to issue this proclamation as a military act. If Halleck, when before Corinth, might have sent a force a hundred miles to catch and bring into his lines a hundred negroes with the wagons, horses, and provisions they were bringing to Beauregard, the President and Commander-in Chief, sitting in the centre, with wider views, wider necessities, and wider rights to meet those necessities, may, if he can, prevent the whole mass of slaves from laboring to feed the rebellion. He may, if he can, by the danger of insurrection, or of starvation, or of loss of property, dishearten the rebels and drive their armies home. To say otherwise, would be to say that he might strike at rebellion, but must be careful not to strike away its corner-stone. Can he do it in fact? This question touches the expediency of the measure, and this I leave to him. But it does not touch his military right, to *threaten* it, and to do it if he can.

Military Departments.—The West is now divided into four Military Departments, viz.: the Department of the Ohio, under Maj.-Gen. Wright, which includes Kentucky; the Department of the Cumberland, under Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans, which comprises so much of Tennessee as lies east of the Tennessee River and so much of Northern Alabama and Georgia as may be possessed by the United States forces; the Department of the Tennessee, under Maj. Gen. Grant, which extends from the Tennessee to the Mississippi River, and the Department of the Missouri west of the Mississippi, under Maj.-Gen. Curtis. The forces under Gen. Grant are to constitute the thirteenth, and those under Gen. Rosecrans the fourteenth army corps. The commanders of all these departments report directly to Washington.

Photographers' Silver Waste.—It is computed that not more than two parts of the silver salt, out of every ten parts used, is actually taken up to form the picture. In order to save the other eight parts, now wasted, the following economical process is suggested:—All the washings and waste water from the photograph sink should be made to flow into a barrel, into which is placed some protosulphate of iron in large crystals, and some lumps of rock salt. Any silver salt in the waste water flowing over these is decomposed, and the silver deposited as a gray mud may be collected from time to time and sold. Old scrap iron will also answer as well as the salts. It should be contrived that the inward stream enters the bottom of the barrel, and the outward one for real waste water at the top.

The Late Elwood Fisher.—A New York paper, in a recent issue, says that Elwood Fisher, who lately died at Augusta, Ga., and who was formerly a well known resident in this city, was a pro-slavery Quaker. There is not a particle of truth in this statement, as anybody and everybody who knew him here can testify. That he might have been born of Quaker parents is probable; but that he made any pretensions towards carrying out any of the principles of that people, is a mistake. His dress was particularly of the flashy type, with a Byron collar of formidable width. His associations were low, and gambling quite a habit with him. This explanation is due to the respected Society so unceremoniously libelled.—*Washington Correspondent Phila. Inquirer.*

Pay of Drafted Soldiers.—The pay per month of the militia volunteers in the service of the state is the same as that of volunteers in the service of the United States, as follows:—Colonel $222; lieutenant colonel, $198; major, $179; captain, $120 50; first lieutenant, $110 50; brevet second lieutenant, $105.50; privates, $13. The pay in case of *invasion* of the state is essentially different from during riot, tumult, breach of the peace, or when the militia is called upon to aid the civil process. In such emergencies, non-commissioned officers and privates receive $1,50 per diem each, and commissioned officers the same compensation as those of the regular army.

The Grand Jury of Louisville has indicted Gen. Jeff. C. Davis for manslaughter in killing Gen. Nelson.

How the English Treat their Rebels.—Rao Sahib, nephew of Nana, has been hanged at Cawnpore.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.]

Harper's Ferry, October 30.—Yesterday Richardson's Division passed Snicker's Gap to Paris, a small town on the road leading from Leesburg, and running through Ashby's Gap. Hancock's Division took the lead, with the Eighty-first Pennsylvania in the advance, followed by Caldwell's Brigade, consisting of the Fifth New Hampshire, Col. Cross; the Seventy-first, Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York, under Col. Schenck, Lieut. Col. Miles, Lieut. Col. Brooks, and the One Hundred and Forty-fifth, under Col. Brown, Meagher's Brigade following.

The forces under Gens. French and Sedgwick left here this morning, crossing the Shenandoah bridge. Sumner's corps also moved into Virginia yesterday through the Blue Mountain and Short Hills, where he will form a junction with Burnside, who crossed over at Berlin and marched up the other side of Short Hills, and is now at Purcelsville.—Nearly all the troops have moved off from Loudon and Maryland Heights. For the present Gen. Geary's command is to remain on Bolivar Heights. Maryland Heights are also well protected. Gen. Slocum's command is to garrison the Ferry.

Heavy reconnoitring parties left here yesterday in the direction of Charlestown and Shepherdstown, to feel the enemy, whom they found in large force at the former place.

A reconnoissance made by the Eighth Pennsylvania from Purcelsville, discovered the enemy in force near Paris and Upperville, under Longstreet. Gen. Lee is said to be still at Winchester, while the main body of his army is east of the Blue Mountains.

Snicker's Gap is strongly defended by the enemy. Several rebel prisoners were taken there yesterday, including the chief officer of their signal corps.

Gen. Burnside is steadily moving on, and the impression is that the enemy's flank is turned, and that a battle is imminent.

Our position here is admirably defended, and if the enemy attempt to cross, a great battle must at once ensue. Cannonading is now heard in the direction of Winchester and Shepherdstown.

The permanent railroad bridge at this point is commenced, and will soon be finished.

The Potomac is lowered to its former depth. No finer weather could be desired for army operations.

The troops moved off in fine spirits, singing as they crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

Harper's Ferry, Oct. 31.—Yesterday our pickets, four miles hence, saw the rebel pickets from Charlestown. None were seen north of Hillsboro'. Below that place, and in Charlestown, the rebels were supposed to be in great numbers.

Jackson was in Berryville night before last. Longstreet is in force at Upperville near Paris east of the Blue Mountain, covering Ashby's Gap. He is, no doubt, occupying both sides of Blue Mountain, from Winchester to Aldie.

Two thousand rebel infantry are at Warrenton—cavalry and artillery.

Our whole army is in fine spirits and condition. The weather is splendid; the roads in good order.

Yesterday four rebels were seen watching our movements four miles from here. Gen. Geary caught one, belonging to the Fifth Alabama regiment. The other three escaped in the mountains.

Slave Traffic Under the British Flag.—The Star of this evening, says:—*We have reliable information from parties just from Cuba, that the steamer Blanche, on her late trip from Texas to the port of Mulatto, Cuba, carried, in addition to her cargo of cotton, quite a number of Texan slaves, with their owners, who promptly sold them to Cuban planters; and also, that Secession families, arriving from Orleans and its vicinity, are bringing with them numbers of slaves.* It will be remembered that the steamer Blanche ran her cargo to Cuba under the British flag, which is not known for many previous years to have covered a cargo of slaves for the Cuban market! A Spanish man-of-war, the Bisaco de Garay, is said to have landed more or less of the slaves entering the Island from the vicinity of New Orleans.

The Tallow Tree.—Among the trees which have of late been extensively distributed in the North-Western Provinces of India and Punjab is the tallow tree of China, *stillingia sebifera*. In China it is largely cultivated, and it is said that by its produce alone the taxes are paid in the district of Hong Kong. It grows equally well on low, alluvial plains, on the rich mould of canals, in sandy soils, and on the acclivities of mountains. From its seeds tallow and oil are procured, which are extensively used in China. Its wood is hard and durable, and its leaves yield a black dye. It is now thriving well in India. The tallow and oil are easily procured from the seeds. The tree, therefore, is well worthy of attention.

How to Obtain a Pension.—There is no necessity for paying a heavy per centage of the pension to an agent, who often dishonestly makes an intricate case out of a simple one. In obtaining a pension the steps are simple. First, the declaration with two witnesses is made before any court of record, or an officer representing it; second, the certificate of two surgeons as to the injury received or disease contracted, and the degree of disability is necessary; third, the certificate of a commissioned officer, having knowledge of the facts, stating time, place and facts.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

Customs of Java.—In Batavia, the capital city of Java, the houses, which are as white as snow, are placed two or three hundred feet from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees, literally covered with birds and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house has a piazza in front, decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, bird cages, &c., while rocking-chairs, lounges, &c., of the nicest description, furnish luxurious accommodation for the families who sit here morning and evenings. At night the city is in one blaze of light from the lamps.

All the hotels have grounds eight or ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, fountains, flower gardens, &c. Meals are served up in about the same style as at a first class hotel in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to the guests' rooms, and again at eight o'clock, with light refreshments. At twelve, breakfast is served, and at seven dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready day and night. No business is done in the middle of the day on account of the heat. The nights are delightful; the birds are singing all night.

☞ "Is that bell ringing for fire, Davy?" inquired a youth from the Green Mountains. "No; they have too much fire somewhere, and they *ring* the bell for water."

A Union Commander Shoots Ten Rebels in Retaliation for a Supposed Murder.

The fact has been published that General McNeil caused ten rebel prisoners to be shot at Palmyra, Mo., on the 18th inst. The cause of the tragedy and particulars of the execution are given as follows:—

[From the Palmyra (Mo.) Courier.]

When the rebels entered Palmyra, an old resident of the place, Andrew Allsman by name, mysteriously disappeared, and it is supposed he was murdered.

When General McNeil returned to Palmyra, after that event, and ascertained the circumstances under which Allsman had been abducted, he caused to be issued a notice that if the missing man was not returned within ten days he would retaliate upon the rebel prisoners in his hands.

The ten days elapsed, and no tidings came of the man. The tenth day expired with last Friday. On that day ten rebel prisoners, already in custody, were selected to pay, with their lives, the penalty demanded. The names of the men so selected were as follows: Willis Baker, Lewis county; Thomas Humston, do.; Morgan Bixler, do.; John Y. McPheeters, do.; Herbert Hudson, Ralls county; John M. Wade, do.; Marion Lair, do.; Captain Thomas A. Sidner, Monroe county; Eleazer Lake, Scotland county; Hiram Smith, Knox county.

These parties were informed on Friday evening that, unless Mr. Allsman was returned to his family by one o'clock on the following day, they would all be shot at that hour.

A little after 12 o'clock M., the next day, three Government wagons drove to the jail. One contained four, and each of the others three rough board coffins. The condemned men were conducted from the prison and seated in the wagons—one upon each coffin—and conducted to the Fair grounds.

The ten coffins were removed from the wagons and placed in a row, six or eight feet apart. Thirty soldiers of the 2d M. S. M. were drawn up in a single line, facing the row of coffins. The doomed men knelt upon the grass, between their coffins and the soldiers, while the Rev. R. M. Rhoades offered up a prayer. At the conclusion of this each prisoner took his seat upon the foot of his coffin, facing the muskets. They were nearly all firm and undaunted. Two or three only showed signs of trepidation.

The most noted of the ten was Captain Thomas A. Sidner, of Monroe county. He was now elegantly attired in a suit of black broadcloth, with white vest. A luxuriant growth of beautiful hair rolled down upon his shoulders. There was nothing especially worthy of note in the appearance of the others. One of them, Willis Baker, of Louis county, was proven to be a man who last year shot and killed Mr. Ezekiel Pratte, his Union neighbor, near Williamstown, in that county. All the others were rebels of lesser note.

A few minutes after one o'clock, Col. Strachan, Provost Marshal General, and Rev. Mr. Rhoades shook hands with the prisoners. Two of them then accepted bandages; all the others refused. A hundred spectators had gathered around the amphitheatre, to witness the impressive scene. The stillness of death pervaded the place.

The officer in command now stepped forward and gave the word of command:—"Ready; aim; fire! The discharges, however, were not made simultaneously—probably through want of a perfect previous understanding of the orders, and of the time at which to fire. Two of the rebels fell backwards upon their coffins, and died instantly. Capt. Sidner sprang forward, and fell with his head towards the soldiers, his face upwards, his hands clasped upon his breast, and the left leg drawn half way up. He did not move again, but died immediately. He had requested the soldiers to aim at his heart, and they obeyed but too implicitly. The other seven were not killed outright; so the reserves were called in, who dispatched them with their revolvers.

The lifeless remains were then placed in the coffins, the lids, upon which the name of each man was written, were screwed on, and the direful procession returned to town by the same rout that it pursued in going.

Friends claimed and took seven of the corpses. Three were buried by the military, in the public cemetery. The tragedy was over.

General Mitchell and the Contrabands.

LETTER TO SECRETARY CHASE.

General Mitchell, in a letter to Secretary Chase, dated Hilton Head, October 13, says:

I think, Governor, you are mistaken when you say General Saxton is to act under my orders. His letter of instruction states, in so many words, that he is to act under the orders of the Secretary of War. If he were, indeed, under my orders, I have an immense work for him to do, which I would commence without an hour's delay. I would begin the organization of my plantation system. A perfect census of all the blacks inhabiting the islands would be promptly made. My model plantation, with its fields, fences, seeds, tillage, implements, houses, furniture, &c., would be organized with as little delay as possible. I would commence the buildings, which will be required for the large accessions of the population which will certainly come to us when we break through the enemy's line on the main land, which we are determined to do. I would have all the blacks distinctly informed as to the plan by which they were to be governed, educated, and made industrious and worthy citizens. *I would tell them that the fruits of their future toil would be consecrated hereafter to their own benefit;* to each family on the plantation I would give a separate dwelling, with a patch for their own private cultivation as a little garden.

From estimates which I have carefully made, I am quite certain that an industrious family of three persons will certainly save from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each year. In five years such a family would have laid up in the Plantation Bank an amount sufficient to make them independent. And then with industrious habits, with religious instruction, with correct moral views and sentiments, with minds properly trained to self-dependence, they might elect their own homes if they so chose, and begin the world for themselves.

I have decided to remove all the negro families to the outside of our lines. To accomplish this I have laid off a beautiful piece of ground, fronting upon the beach, into lots of half an acre each. Upon these lots we are already erecting our buildings. I have at work a gang of fifty negroes, with a black man as foreman, and a white superintendent. The work is perfectly systematized; the houses of very simple structure; their various parts divided among gangs, who work only on these parts. One gang is employed upon the frames, in getting them out and putting them up; another in getting out the sidings; another in putting up the sidings; another in splitting clap boards for the roof; another in putting on the roof. And these fifty hands, now working earnestly and with high hope, are actually building a house a day. I hope to organize two or three more bands of fifty each, so that in a short time we may be able to finish from twenty to twenty-five houses each week.

OUR IRON-CLADS.

AN IRON-CLAD TRIED AND REPORTED READY FOR SEA—THE KEOKUK FINISHED.

The United States iron-clad frigate Chillicothe has been finished, manned and sent out on her first trial trip within the past few days. The vessel left the wharf at Jeffersonville in compliance with orders from headquarters for a trial trip of 72 hours, on which her machinery and armament were to be tested.—The battery consisted of two tremendous 11-inch guns. Having got down the river, firing commenced at various distances, from 100 to 1,000 yards. The result may be summed up thus in a paragraph. There was no recoil, no slanking of decks, no bursting of turrets, or giving way of gun-gear. The experiments with ordnance were, in short, successful in every sense, and the consequence is that the Navy Department is to be informed to-morrow (26th) that the Chillicothe is ready for any service to which she may be ordered on the coast. The machinery worked very satisfactorily, giving the ship a speed of eight miles an hour, more than specified in the contract. The Chillicothe is one of the "Ohio river iron-clads," and was built at Cincinnati by Brown, McCord & Juniper. She is 155 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 8½ feet deep. Her armor is put on in plates—on the deck an inch and on the sides two inches thick. She has two engines, with cylinder 22 inches in diameter and four feet stroke. The machinery was built at St. Louis. The Chillicothe is now in commission, and will soon be actively employed.

COMPLETION OF THE IRON VESSEL KEOKUK.

The tremendous iron vessel Keokuk, formerly the Moodna, is now almost finished, and her launch is announced to come off on the 15th inst. She is the most extraordinary craft in the world. She resembles two small boats turned down on each other. She is oval shaped in the hull. The machinery will be carried entirely below water. There is no wood-work whatever, save in the cabins. A propeller in the stern will move her. There was no keel laid in the centre of this queer-looking craft, but one at the bow and another at the stern, both of which extended towards the middle of the hull about 16 feet. A seven feet ram protrudes from the bow. It is of cast iron throughout, and bears a resemblance to the rams of the Monitor. When in the water the Keokuk will present the most singular appearance of any ship heard of up to this. The principle of her construction it is not deemed advisable to publish just now.—The ordnance authorities are preparing a battery for her, of which also a minute description would be contraband.

The Presbyterian Synod (N. S.) of Pennsyl'a.

Patriotic Resolutions Unanimously Passed.

The Presbyterian Synod (New School), embracing delegates from East Pennsylvania, West Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, met last week at Wilmington. Rev. John C. Smith, of Washington, presided, and the exercises were of the most harmonious kind. The following patriotic resolutions were *unanimously* adopted:

Whereas, The Synod is called once more to meet in the midst of a civil conflict which has carried desolation and suffering through a wide district of country: therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we render devout thanksgivings to Almighty God for that measure of success which has hitherto attended our arms; that we humble ourselves and acknowledge the justice of our Heavenly Father, wherein He has seen fit to afflict us; that we rejoice in the integrity, the patriotism, and the firmness of our distinguished Chief Magistrate; that we record with lively satisfaction his avowal of a purpose to protect the unity of these states, and the nationality of our Government, at every expense of treasure and of blood, and that he has recently, by his repeated proclamations, expressed his determination to subordinate every local interest and institution to the great cause of American freedom, of good government, and of the universal and permanent safety and prosperity of his native land.

2. That the Synod express its highest approbation of the brave, faithful, and true-hearted men who have volunteered for their country's protection; that we sympathize with them in all their hardships and sufferings; that we give them the assurance of our daily and fervent prayers for their triumph in the day of battle, for their consolation if cast down wounded, for their comfort in the hospital, and their support in sickness and in death.

3. That in the bloody martyrdoms of this wicked rebellion, we recognize new motives to abhor the crime of treason against law, and new inducements to condemn and abrogate that system of oppression which has not only suggested treason, but the most cruel and bloody methods of putting it into practice; and we urge upon all loyal people to mark, with their complete abhorrence, all who resist the efforts of the Government for its suppression.

4. That in the labors of our ministers and people for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers; in the readiness of parents, wives, sisters, and friends to surrender their objects of dearest affection to the perils of war; in the large contributions of money and goods made to the Government to aid in suppressing the unholy rebellion; in the patient endurance with which our people have borne themselves in seasons of social bereavement and national disaster, we recognize a blessed revival of patriotism, humanity and Christian devotion to the pure, the noble, the right.

The Synod, in noticing the refugee, Rev. Dr. Converse, says:—"It appearing from examination of the records, that the name of Amasa Converse remained on the roll of one of the Presbyteries, Synod directed the Presbytery to inquire into the expediency of striking it from the roll, as common fame accused the individual of aiding and abetting the rebellion, and as he had placed himself beyond the reach of regular disciplinary process."

UNIONISM IN KENTUCKY.—Mrs. Gothwick, of Perryville, a noted Union lady, kept her "red, white, and blue" flag flying, in spite of the rebel possession of the town, and when the rebels were evacuating the place she waved it over their heads and flaunted it in their faces. This was too much for the rebels. They went and demanded the flag. She refused to give it up, unless a commissioned officer should come for it; and when an officer did come, she said he could have it in pieces, as it would never be given into their possession to desecrate. She had cut it into a hundred bits, and exclaimed, "You can't *trail* the banner of our country in the dust, if you do have a little, temporary possession of our village."—*Correspondence Cincinnati Times.*

HOW THE REBELS CLEANED OUT THE BLUE GRASS REGION.—General Bragg is said to have succeeded in carrying with him out of Kentucky no fewer than four thousand negroes, heavily laden with plunder, a majority of which was captured from our forces, besides supplying himself with unnumbered thousands of beef cattle, sheep and mules. This "spoil" does not include the immense droves that had previously been driven by the rebels from Kentucky into East Tennessee. On the other hand, Gen. Rousseau says they secured very little.

DONATIONS.

The "Penn Relief Association for Sick and Wounded Soldiers," meeting at Broad and Spring Garden streets, on fourth day (Wednesday) afternoons and evenings, commencing at 2½ o'clock, have appointed the following gentlemen to collect and receive donations, and trust to the generosity of the public to render them further aid in their efforts to alleviate suffering:—

Chas. L. Sharpless, 801 Chestnut street.
Wm. C. Henzey, 737 Market street.
Little, Stokes & Co., 237 Chestnut street.
Barton Green, 40 N. Front street.
Wm. S. Stewart, 305 Market street.
John W. Thomas, 405 N. Second street.
Smith & Thomas, 30 S. Third street.
Edward T. Steel, 4 N. Second street.
James R. Garrigues, 1010 Wallace street.
John C. Savery, 807 Market street.
A. S. Truman, 835 Market street.
Albert Illasco, Thirteenth, below Chestnut st.
P. C. Moore, 1338 Chestnut street.
Chas. M. McClintock, 814 Marshall street.
J. C. Garrigues, 148 S. Fourth street.
A. H. Franciscus, 5 N. Fifth street.
J. M. Truman, 413 Franklin street.
Albert C. Roberts, N. E. corner Eleventh and Vine streets.
Charles Evans, Broad and Quarry.
John B. Peddle, N. E. corner Ninth and Green streets.
C. W. Mattson, S. W. corner Tenth and Arch streets.
Wm. B. Thomas, Custom House.
Wm. G. Steel, 503 Market street.
ANNA P. LITTLE, Secretary,
No. 818 Broad street.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Secretary Chase, in reply to a letter from Mr. Walley, President of the Revere Bank, Boston, writes as follows:—

"The idea that they (the temporary deposits) are to be paid in anything but money, however, is only about as absurd and groundless as the statement that the national debt amounts to two thousand millions of dollars; and yet this statement was gravely put forth in the leading resolution of the Conservative Convention which met the other day in Faneuil Hall. On the day that resolution was adopted the national debt amounted to less than six hundred and forty millions of dollars! I wish I had thought of it, and I would have obtained the precise figures at the Department before I came down (I am writing at my house), and I would have given them to you. Six hundred and forty millions, compared with what we have to show for the expenditure of our part of it—seventy odd millions, you know, was the legacy of the Buchanan Administration—is bad enough. I certainly do not contemplate it with complacency. With still less complacency do I contemplate its increase actual since the resolution was adopted and prospective for the

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year, at the rate of a million and a quarter a day. But still six hundred and forty millions is not two thousand millions, nor do I think it wise or patriotic to say two thousand when six hundred and forty represents the truth. It was said doubtless by mistake.

"You may show this letter to whom you please, and if you choose, though it is written with running pen, as you see, print the substance of it. Yours, faithfully,

"S. P. CHASE."

A SOUTHERN EXPEDITION ORGANIZING—ACTIVE OPERATIONS TO BE CARRIED ON DURING THE WINTER.—Gen. Banks arrived in New York on Tuesday, and is stopping at the Astor House. Among his numerous visitors are many of our most prominent citizens and military and literary men.

The object of his visit, the Post says, is to organize a formidable expedition, of which he will have command. The destination of this expedition has not yet been determined, and probably will not be made public until a blow is struck upon some point of the Southern coast.

The Government is determined to prosecute a most active and vigorous warfare in the South during the coming winter; and this expedition is, probably, but the beginning, and will be followed by many others.

The success of the expeditions which were sent last winter were such as to demonstrate what might have been done had they been followed up vigorously; and it is believed that there will be no grounds to complain that the operations in the South during the coming cold weather do not accomplish all that it is possible to accomplish.

Other journals publicly announce that Gen. Banks's expedition is to give assistance to the loyal Texans, by landing a force there sufficiently strong to encourage them to return the state to its allegiance. Perhaps.

WHAT TO SEND TO SOLDIERS.—Those who are in doubt what they should send to their friends in the army will do well to read over the following catalogue of items made up for general circulation by a Western journal:—Ambrotypes in five-pound cases; "Life of Josephus," in ten volumes; patent Dutch ovens, full size; feather beds and pillows; ripe watermelons; firkins of fresh butter; sample from last litter of pups; baby wagons for use of infantry; sausage stuffers; castor oil in bladders; frosted cakes in bandboxes; catnip tea well stirred; fluid lamps without wicks; hair brushes; fiddle-strings in the original package; vases for flowers; ice-cream freezers; rattle-belly pop in quart bottles; pillow cases stuffed with head cheese; flesh brushes, with directions for use; fresh eggs; sand to scour knives with; pickles in jars; honey in little baskets; photographs in frames; bootjacks; French mode of raising trout; tea in caddies; hot water for soaking feet; nutmeg graters with handles; maps of the country on rollers; fanning mills for fevers; tomato catsup in casks; boot blacking in pint bottles; parlor skates; Suffolk pigs for pets; empty dry goods boxes; lead pipes for bullets; prepared kindling wood in bundles; flower seeds labelled; old horse-collars; mush and milk in pans; mouse traps; cinnamon essence for the hair; clothes lines and pins; chicken gravy in bowls.

All such articles the soldiers can as well carry as not, and if captured the enemy will wonder at the inexhaustible resources of the North.

CURIOUS STORY.—There is a strange story circulating about, which we give, as it is related, for what it is worth, to the effect that Orsini, who attempted to assassinate the Emperor of the French, was let go free on condition of his leaving for America; and, in order to deceive the public, a condemned criminal was brought from the south of France to Paris, and executed in his place. The truth of this is vouched for by a gentleman who is a member of the English House of Parliament, and who openly declared, at a dinner table, that he shook hands with Orsini in London, on his way to America. It is well known that, years back, the Emperor bound himself up with the body of Carbonari, who have sworn to liberate Italy or perish; and it was at the time Louis Napoleon was thought to be playing false to the party that he was condemned by it to perish. That he visited Orsini in prison the night before his trial is known publicly, and was at the time much commented on.

It is understood that the Government will order a different and much better wearing paper for the postal currency, as that now in use is found to be totally inadequate for the purpose.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The stocks and receipts continue very light, and holders firm in their views, and some 10,000 bbls flour have been taken, mostly for shipment, for which the demand is fair, at $6,25@6,50 for common and good superfine; $6,75@7,25 for extras, the latter for City Mills; $7,25@8 for extra family, mostly good Ohio, and $8,25@8 50 ₽ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality, including 2000 bbls, part City Mills, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been moderate, within the same range of prices, and high grade faucies at $8,75@9,50 ₽ bbls, as to brand and quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $4,25@5,25, the latter City Mills, and extra at $5,50 ₽ bbl. Corn Meal is wanted, and Pennsylvania, if here, would readily command $3,25 ₽ bbl. Of Buckwheat Flour, which is scarce and high, the crop being very light, sales are making at $3,25@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a steady demand for Wheat, and prices are rather better, with sales of 50,000 bushels to note during the week at $1,42@1,48 for common to prime western and Penna reds, in store, $1,46@1,50 for Pennsylvania do, afloat, $1,48@1,53 for southern do, the latter choice amber, and $1,60@1,78 for white, including prime Kentucky, at the latter figures. Rye is better, and very scarce, and 3@4000 bushels, all offered, sold at 85@86c for southern and Penna. Corn is firmer, and sales of 25,000 bus yellow are reported at 73@75c afloat, and 74@75c in store, mostly of the latter, and white at 73@73c. Oats are unsettled and lower, and very unsaleable at the decline, only some 20,000 bus having found buyers at 41@39c for Southern, and 43@42c for Penna. Barley and Malt continue scarce. Sales of the former are reported at $1,35 for prime New York, and Barley Malt at $1,50@1,51.

PROVISIONS—The stocks and receipts of all kinds are light, and the market for the Hog product generally dull and neglected. Mess Pork is nearly nominal at $12@13,50, and western and city Mess Beef at $12@15 ₽ bbl. Bacon is steady at 9@12 for plain and fancy Hams, 5½@6c for Shoulders, and 5½@6¼c for Sides; about 100 casks of the former sold at 9¾@10¼c, and 10 of the latter at our lowest figures. Of Green Meats, we are only advised of some small sales of Hams at 7¼c, Shoulders at 4¾c in salt. Lard is scarce, and held at 10¾@11c for bbls and tierces, and 11@11¼c for kegs, and little or nothing doing. Butter moves off freely and commands full prices, packed ranging from 12 to 22c, the latter for choice dairy and roll at 15@18c. Cheese is in steady demand at 10@10¾c ₽ lb, and Eggs at 18@19c @ dozen.

COTTON—The market is dull and unsettled, the week's sales reaching some 600 bales at 45@48c for damaged, and 55@61c for ordinary and good Middling qualities, including 211 bales, a prize cargo, sold by auction at 57@60c, all cash.

ASHES are better, especially Pearls, and selling more freely at the advance.

BARK continues in demand, and scarce, and all offered has been taken at $26,50@37 for 1st No 1 Quercitron. Tanners' Bark is unchanged and very quiet.

BEES WAX is scarce, and good Yellow is saleable at 40c ₽ lb, but generally held higher.

COAL—There is a good demand for Anthracicte, both for shipment and home use. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₽ ton, $5,25; Prepared do $5,25; Red Ash do $5,50; Lehigh Lump do $5,50; Prepared do $5,50; by retail do $6@6,25; Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,75@6,00.

COFFEE—The arrivals are very light, and the market poorly supplied, with a further advance of 1c in prices to note. Sales comprise about 1700 bags at 29½@30c for Rio, 27¾@28c for Laguayra, and 21@22c for Triage, cash and time. The bulk of the sales were of the former, which is about all out of first hands.

COPPER is firm, with further sales of Yellow Metal at 27c, on time.

FEATHERS are in fair demand at the advance, with further sales at 42@45c ₽ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Green Apples at $3@3, and Cranberries at $7@9 ₽ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and there is very little doing as yet, the trade being very backward.

HAY is steady, good Timothy selling at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market is firm at the advance, and the stock nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are inactive, with sales of Eastern and Western at 20@23c ₽ lb.

IRON—The market continues active at the late advance. Some 3000 tons sold at $28@29 for No 2, and $37@39 for Forge, cash and time. Scotch Pig is quiet at the advance. Of manufactured Iron prices tend upward.

LEAD is better, and we notice sales of 1000 pigs of Galena at $8,12½, and a small lot of Spanish at $7,75 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—There is a steady demand for white and yellow Pine Boards at $14@15; a cargo of Laths sold at $1,25 ₽ M.

MOLASSES is scarce and firm with a few small sales only to note at very full prices, the tendency being upward.

PLASTER is unchanged, and soft is quoted at $2,75@3 ₽ ton, and the receipts and sales moderate.

RICE is firm but quiet, and a light stock to operate in; some small sales of Rangoon are reported at 7@7¼c ₽ lb.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed, and all offered, some 3000 bus, found buyers at $6@6,37½, mostly at $6,12½@6,25 ₽ bus, including selected lots at a fraction more. Timothy ranges at from $1,50 to 2,25 ₽ bus, the latter for prime. Flaxseed has advanced considerably, and 2000 bus sold at from $2,35 to 2,50 ₽ bus, now held higher.

SPIRITS, Brandy and Gin are in better demand, and command very full prices. N. E. Rum is held at 55c. Whiskey is better; barrels selling at 38@39c, hogsheads 38c, and drudge at 37 cents.

SUGARS are firm, with a fair demand to note at fully former rates; sales reach almut 1,200 hogsheads in lots, mostly Cubas, at 9¾@10¼c, including a few small lots Porto Rico at 10¼@11c, and New Orleans at 11@11¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is less active, and city rendered is quoted at 11½c ₽ lb.

WOOL is held with more firmness, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to about 180,000 lbs in lots at 60@65c for fine, 65@68c for Kersey, and 70@73c for Tub, including some foreign at 85c ₽ lb, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2240 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¾ cts ₽ lb. 70 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ₽ head. 1800 Sheep were sold at from $3,00 to 3,00 ₽ head. 1370 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 6,25 ₽ cwt. net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 1, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	½ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	80 dis.
Indiana	½ to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	3 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	80 dis.
Maryland	2 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	½ dis.	Virginia	40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JAMES BENSON, to Miss ELLEN POLK.

On the 8th of Oct., 1862, by John G. Wilson, Mr. JOHN W. KEYSER, to Miss FRENCIS HAUSEN, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. CHARLES D. CRAMP, to Miss ALMIRA M. HASLET, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., JOHN BURNETT, Esq., U. S. Government Pilot, of Chesterfield county, Va. to Miss THEK. K. BOSSHART, of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. S. E. Stevens, OMAR J. KINSLEY, to FANNIE H. WATERMAN, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Wiehle, Mr. HERMAN WISCHMAN, to Miss MELVINA L. SCHERR, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. C. Matlack, CHARLES LAING, to ANNIE K. daughter of Edw. Mullins, Esq. both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. G. C. Arnold, Mr. HENDRICK H. ELLISON, to Miss MARGARET A. ACTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, ELIZABETH C. wife of Edward V. Maitland.

On the 20th ultimo, at Germantown, ADAM MINTZER, aged 63 years.

On the 29th ultimo, JACOB STEINMETZ, in his 83d year.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. ROBERT THORNTON, in his 65th year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. FREDERICK H. ERICKSON, in his 30th year.

On the 25th ultimo, HENRY C. RITCHIE, eldest son of Mrs. Alice E. and the late Capt. Bowman H. Ritchie, in his 29th year.

On the 26th ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of the late John Smylie, Sr.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARY, widow of the late Jacob B. Stone, in her 71st year.

On the 28th ultimo, SARAH BAILEY, wife of Geo. Bailey, in her 43d year.

On the 30th ultimo, CATHARINE RAUM, widow of the late Saml. Baum, in her 81st year.

On the 27th ultimo, ANN, relict of the late Jos. Bickerton, in her 75th year.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

SCHEDULE OF PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
Full Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	90,00
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 2 MACHINE, ORNAMENTAL BRONZE, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$65,00
Half Case, Paneled,	60,00
Plain Table,	55,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00
No. 1 MACHINE, Large, with	
Plain Table,	$75,00
No. 5 MACHINE, CYLINDER, with	
Plain Table,	$85,00
Binder,	5,00
Corder,	3,00
Marker,	2,00

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a HEMMER. No reduction will be made if Machines are ordered *without* HEMMERS. Nos. 1, 2 and 5 Machines are sold with the NEW GLASS CLOTH PRESSER and NEW STYLE HEMMER. Nos. 3 and 4 with the OLD STYLE HEMMER.

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Wit and Humor.

THE DOMESTIC OPERA.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera he has been, as Mrs. Partington says, as crazy as a bed-bug, and the kind old dame had been fearful lest he should become "non pompous mentus," through his attempt at imitating the operatics. The next morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike reached over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang—

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain—

"Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating.
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of the sugar. At last he sung again—

"Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread and active jaw, sirs.
Tea—gunpowder and souchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong:
Bad for health to eat hot biscuit,
But I'll risk it—butter 'll fix it."

"What do you mean, my boy?" said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer.
I am not bound by witch or wizard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But, Isaac," persisted the dame. Ike struck his left hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing—

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick,
Ne'er again that fish shall kick—
Ne'er again, though thrice as large—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "conscientiousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever still follows him elsewhere.

SCENE IN A POLICE OFFICE.

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dicky Swivel, *alias* "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar and questioned by the judge to the following effect:

Judge—"Bring the prisoner into court."

Pete—"Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when he was all a-fire."

"We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?"

"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried."

"We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a little nigger."

"Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table."

"If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months."

"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?"

"No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none."

"Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's and sometimes I eat taters."

"No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a cheer" (chair).

"How do you keep yourself alive?"

"By breathing, sir."

"I order you to answer this question correctly: How do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, judge. How do you do?"

"I shall have to commit you."

"Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation."

ANECDOTE.—My paternal ancestor is, and hath been for more than thirty years, a physician of somewhat extensive practice. Upon one occasion he called to see an Irishman, who at some entertainment had his head very badly smashed with a blow from an enormous cudgel. As my father was examining the "wound," the poor fellow broke out as follows:

"Och, Docthor! Docthor! I shall die! I shall die!"

"Oh! no, Mickey," said my father, "you won't die; you'll get up and be all right yet."

"Och! no, Docthor, I shall die—I know I shall; and av I jist had the praste here to confess me and administer the last sacrimint, I wouldn't care a d—n!"

"Here," says my father, "I could stand it no longer; I had to break into a peal of laughter."

☞ Wordsworth said that he could write like Shakspeare, if he had a mind to. "That's it," said Lamb; "he could *if he had a mind to.*"

THE EMPRESS' COTILLION.

A Reminiscence of the Girlhood of the Empress Eugenie.

Biarritz is full of the renovated gayety and spirit infused into the Court circle by the absolute return to the lightness and *insouciance* of youth displayed by the Empress ever since the affairs of Rome have been settled, and the Pope has found a protector.

The brisk and joyous manner in which the festivities at the Villa Eugenie are kept forever going, and brought an immense number of her Majesty's old friends from the other side of the Pyrenees; and the other night the chosen few very intimate among the guests, were treated with the rehearsal of an adventure which happened in her gay youth, when no anxiety occupied her mind, greater than that of shortening the day as much as possible in wild canterings up and down the mountains on her Andalusian pony and lengthening the nights by the prolongation till dawn, of the gay tertulia and the ball masque, the concert, or the supper beneath the vines.

The adventure happened at Pampeluna, near which place the Montijos possess a little feudal castle, much beloved of the younger portion of the family, and to this day often regretted by the Empress Eugenie.

One evening a grand ball and reception took place at the Taconera, in honor of the visit of a certain Austrian Archduke out upon his travels. The Governor professed, at that time, a most ardent admiration for the gay and youthful Eugenie, who had scarcely arrived beyond the period of childhood, and, indeed, in any other country than Spain, would have still been confined to the nursery.

The excess of delight experienced by the little senora, at being thus the bright particular star of the ball, can be readily imagined.

The sober old Governor, a brave and tried old soldier, had nothing to refuse to the fair creature the contemplation of whose very youth and merriment, made him young and merry likewise, and the beautiful Eugenie danced to her heart's content, till any other but herself would have been exhausted. But so long as one single partner remained, it was not likely that this most indefatigable votary of the contredance and cotillion would yield to the fatigue which others felt, or to the desire which others might express of withdrawing from the ball-room.

At length she was led out by the greater celebrity present at the fete—the general appointed by the Queen in attendance on the Archduke. He was a regular and true type of the old Spanish grandee—bristly though bald—withered though pursy—hurried and short in speech, though formal and ceremonious in manner. The merry little maiden soon, however, managed to draw him into an animated conversation, principally about the environs and neighborhood of Pampeluna, and described the old castle of the Montijos in such seductive colors that the staid old martinet was imprudent enough to express a wish to see it.

"Nothing is more easy if you are brave." Here the maiden's eyes flashed merrily, while the general smiled with contempt. "It is a league or two from the city, but by a steep mountain path, you can arrive by a short cut. No one, however, dares to venture up the path which runs along the bed of an ancient torrent. You can only go on horseback," added she, pinching her lips, "for no carriage could ever accomplish that perilous ascent.

The old general, who had been completely fascinated by the sweet little maiden, protested, of course, against all idea of fear, although warned that the road was anything but safe, as many travellers had of late been robbed, and left to perform the rest of the journey almost naked.

"It was too near Pampeluna for murder, thank Heaven! but as for highway robbery, that was an everyday occurrence."

The general laughed again; he did not believe in robbers—the moonlight would serve him. The Archduke would not require his service till next day—he would go immediately on leaving the ball; the night was beautiful and warm—he would return and take a refreshing sleep at the Governor's palace, and be ready to proceed with the Archduke by noon.

To this proposition the merry deceiver agreed with laughing approval, and soon after left the ball, bidding a cheerful good night to the general, and wishing him a pleasant ride up the rock. He was true to his word, and started on his good steed, accompanied only by his groom, to climb the steep rock on the top of which was to be found the castle. About midway he was attacked by a band of some dozen or more of real genuine highway robbers belonging to the province—in that there was no mistake, for the shrill voices and incessant chatter bespoke their real and true Navarese.

The general, who was armed with his pistols, heeded not the summons to surrender, but boldly fired among the troop. Both pistols hung fire, a thing which had never happened before, and the poor traveller, soon surrounded by numbers, and beholding his faithful groom dismounted, and sitting disconsolate by the roadside, as though badly wounded, was compelled to suffer himself to be searched by the robbers, and to give up his purse, and to hand over the diamond ring he wore to the little Navarese peasant, who seemed to be the chief of the band, and whose astonishing quickness and vivacity of movement he could not fail to notice.

The robbers were, however, bons diables; they suffered him to depart, themselves disappearing behind the rock as mysteriously as they had appeared. The groom was found to be only frightened, not hurt, and the pistols to have been loaded with damp powder; so that the adventure after all, was not so bad but that it might have been worse. There was but little in the purse, and the ring was not of more value to him than it would have sold for; so that by the time he got back to the palace, he felt more inclined to laugh than to lament.

Before he retired to his room he told the Governor of his adventure, and had obtained the assurance that a mounted force would be despatched at dawn in search of the malefactors. But no sooner had he retired to his own chamber than the adventure assumed another aspect. On his table he found his purse and ring, with a little line written in pencil, reproaching him for his want of faith in the existence of robbers in old Spain, and calling upon him to vindicate the race henceforth, as being possessed of courtesy and grace, and ever ready to bear witness to the chivalry and honor of Gen. ——.

The paper was signed by the whole band of young ladies who had been most conspicuous at the ball, and who had finished the evening's pleasure with this frolic.

During the past winter the adventure has been utilized for charade, and performed at Court; *basqueroute* has been the word. The general, at first, is seen playing at lansquenet and holding *banco;* then comes the route where the adventure happens; and finally the visit of apology made by the young ladies, led by the merry maiden who had invented the trick, to whom the poor general is obliged to confess that, amid the number and varied beauty of the charming culprits thus assembled, his heart is "bankrupt" and he can pay his debt of homage to none in particular but must bestow a dividend on all alike. The charade was played the other night at the Villa Eugenie; and who could play the heroine as well as the Empress herself?

The ball, more brilliant even than the former one, was somewhat saddened by the non-attendance of the Emperor, who was compelled to retire early, on account of indisposition. M. de Caux led the cotillion. He had been telegraphed for on purpose. His talent was never made more manifest than on this occasion, and he has enriched the dance with a new figure, which will, no doubt, be eminently successful at the balls this winter. Each lady is provided with a flag of bright and variegated colors; the leader of the cotillion holds a wand from the top of which float long ribbons of every tint of the rainbow. The movement consists in the obligation of each lady to seize the ribbon of the same color as the flag which has fallen to her share. The manœuvre is extremely difficult as the rapidity with which the leader flies through the figure dazzles the sight to mixing the colors so that the eye can scarcely seize the similarity. When all are taken the ladies whirl rapidly round the leader until he is completely enveloped in the ribbons and drops upon one knee, when the dance is ended.—*London Court Journal.*

FOREIGN OFFICERS IN THE ARMY.—In our army and service, General Turchin is a Russian, Stahl a Hungarian, Maggi a Sardinian, Sigel a German, De Courcy an Englishman, De Monteine a Frenchman, Ericsson a Swede, Corcoran and Meagher Irishmen, and Fadella an Italian.

☞ The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom is to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed.

OBLIGING RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—"Any luggage, Miss?"
LADY.—"No. I was waiting for a *party* who were to have come by this train."
O. R. O.—"A *party*, Miss. Ah! let me see (confidentially) *with whiskers?*"

Agricultural.

CLEAN CELLARS.

If we were asked, what should be the finest apartment in the house, we should probably answer, "not the parlor, not the drawing-room, but the cellar." There are two reasons for this answer. First, a bad, dirty cellar appears to combine the idea of all that is repulsive—damp, offensive, musty, putrid air—rotten apples, rotten cabbages, rotten potatoes, rotten boards—the effluvia creeping through every open window and open door, and through the cracks of every closed window and closed door, into all parts of the house—into the kitchen, into the parlor, and dining room, into sleeping apartments,—and laying the foundation of sickness and fevers. Secondly, a neat, well-lighted, marble-floored, whitewashed cellar, combines a great deal that is pleasant. One room may have in it a supply of sweet butter and milk, and in another, excellent apples and delicious melting pears; the food that is placed on every table is known to come from this model cellar, where everything is pure and clean.

Does some one say, "I can't afford to make an expensive cellar!" We reply it need not be expensive. The walls are already built—give them a smooth, neat plastering, and then a handsome whitewashing. Have new windows put in, if necessary, and then keep them washed, bright, and clean, with an iron-rod grate in the window-frame, or wire netting, to exclude intruders when the windows are open. Cover the floor with water-lime cement—first thickly and coarsely with a grout made of water-lime and coarse gravel, and then with a smooth, polished finish of water-lime and clean washed sand.

The whole cost of the plastering of the walls, the whitewashing of the same, the new windows, and of the marble-floor, need not be forty dollars for a moderate sized farm-house. Save this sum by reducing the use of tea, sugar, coffee, omitting the plating on that new harness and carriage, and discarding all tobacco. If there should be any surplus, get a neat set of apple shelves made, standing on scantling legs, one shelf above another, so that one can pass all around them, and have them all neatly painted; and also procure a set of potato boxes or bins, with covers to exclude light, and have these all planed and painted.

It is a good time of year, now, to get the cement floor made, and whether it is made or not, it is absolutely essential that every dirty cellar be now thoroughly cleaned out before storing any of the new crop of fruits and vegetables; and in cleaning out, if the work is not thoroughly done, it may be best to sprinkle over it occasionally until it is well purified, a pound or two of chloride of lime, as a smell-destroyer and disinfectant.—*Country Gentleman.*

HEADING LATE CABBAGES.—It sometimes happens, either through the lateness of the season, or neglect in early planting, that cabbages do not head completely before cold weather sets in. These are often fed out to cattle, or thrown away, while by a little care they might be made to head during the fall and early winter. To accomplish this, proceed as follows:—First, make a wide trench and transplant the cabbages into it, setting them together in a triple row. At each end of the row drive in a crotched stake, and lay a rail from one to the other, to form a ridge-pole a foot or more above the cabbages.—Make a roof of old boards or slabs, one end resting on the pole, and the other on the ground, so as to shed water. Over this lay a little straw, six or more inches thick, and when winter sets in put on as many inches of earth, making the surface smooth and hard, so as to be nearly rain proof. At each end of the row leave a ventilating hole, which must be loosely filled with straw in cold weather. Cabbages so managed will continue to grow, and will fill up their heads considerably before midwinter. When taken out in spring they will be tender, crisp and beautifully blanched.—*American Agriculturist.*

POPLAR RAILS.—Joseph Roberts, of Ridgeway, Wisconsin, writes to the Wisconsin Farmer:—"I can produce poplar rails, made in the month of April, in the year 1840, that are sound this day, free from rot, and better than any oak rail that I have in my fence, made at the same date. The trees were felled after the leaf had come out, and in splitting the trees the bark came off, and every rail being free from bark, the timber seasoned at once—hence the durability."

SANDY SOILS CAN BE STIRRED TOO MUCH.—A correspondent of the Farmer and Guardian thinks the New Jersey farmers use the plough, harrow and cultivator too frequently, and the roller too seldom. Sandy soils are too full of air, and require much heavy rolling to make them compact and retentive of moisture.

Poultry Keeping on a Large Scale.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, with the signature of W. H. H., writes:

I keep from 100 to 200 fowls, mostly of the black Spanish breed, and keep them confined the year round, but disease is not known among them, and I can assure you that they do full as well as those kept by others who believe that fowls cannot do as well unless they are kept scratching. My yard is only 25 by 60 feet, filled 12 inches deep with leached ashes and fine sand. I have a large box containing some 30 bushels of burnt shells and bones, which the fowls have free access to, and when the top becomes too dirty I take it off and put it around my grape vines. My gardener raises 600 head of cabbage annually, which are fed to them through the winter, and in summer he gives them lettuce, all they want. I have a contract for 10 beef heads weekly, and give them plenty of sour milk, in addition to all of which they have free access to a mixture of corn, oats, wheat and barley, which is kept in a bin holding some 40 bushels, so constructed as to regulate itself, and not allow the fowls to waste a grain or to scratch in it. My watering trough is also so constructed as only to admit the heads of the fowls, and is always full of pure, clean water, which is of more importance than anything else in keeping poultry healthy.

A barrel of lime, a bucket and a brush are indispensable articles in a poultry house, and should be used every rainy day (and oftener during such a drought as we have had lately), whitewashing everything but the floor, and using the lime dust on that. But wash the floor first. I have tried all your vermin preventives, and everybody's else, but never succeeded in keeping my fowls free until I found a remedy by experimenting.

The nests are so constructed as to be all taken apart in two minutes; they are perfectly smooth inside and out, and once in every two months I have them taken down, cleanly washed, and then thoroughly coated with common whale oil, and have never yet seen a single louse near them, nor can one be found around my premises. The oil we apply with a common brush, and it can be relied upon as being a sure preventive against vermin on fowls.

INCREASE OF RATS.—The Farmers' Gazette (English) asserts and proves by figures that one pair of rats will have a progeny and descendants amounting to no less than 651,050 in three years. Now, unless this immense family can be kept down, they would then consume more food than would sustain 65,000 human beings. It will be far wiser in the farmer to turn his attention to the destruction of rats than of small birds.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.—When lampas appear sponge the horse's mouth a few times with a solution of alum water. We have practiced this simple remedy in many cases, and always with satisfactory results.—*Working Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

A NICE CREAM.—Take one quart of thick, sweet cream, in which put four ounces of sugar, pulverized fine, and one or two teaspoonsful of rennet. Stir enough to mix it. If the rennet is good it will take in one hour. When you are ready to serve, rasp some sugar over it, and drop a little orange flower-water over it likewise.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—Take twelve ounces of flour, one pound of white sugar in powder, and twelve eggs—beating the whites and yolks separately to a froth, one or two teaspoonsful of coriander, mix well all together, till it comes to a running paste. Some add yeast to make it rise higher. Bake in a slow oven.

ELDERBERRY CATSUP.—On every pint of ripe elderberries stripped from the stalks, pour a pint of boiling vinegar and let it stand in a cool oven all night. Strain without pressing, and boil the liquor five minutes with half a teaspoonful of salt. To every quart put half a pound of anchoreis, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of white pepper, half an ounce of ginger, twelve cloves, and two onions or garlic. Bottle when cold with the spices.

SOFT RUSK.—One teacup butter, two teacups milk, two teacups sugar, two eggs and saleratus; add flour enough to make it about as thick as loaf cake.

COPPER SYRUP.—This confection is exceedingly handy to travellers when proceeding on a long journey. Take half a pound of the best roasted ground coffee; boil the same in a saucepan containing three quarts of water, until the quantity is reduced to one quart; strain the latter off, and, when fined of all impurities, introduce the liquor into another saucepan, and let it boil over again, adding as much Lisbon sugar as it will constitute a thick syrup, like treacle; remove it from the fire, and, when cold, pour it into bottles, corking the same tight down for use. Two teaspoonsful of the syrup introduced into a moderate-sized teacup, and filled up with boiling water, will be fit for immediate use. If milk is at hand, use it *ad libitum.*

COUGH SYRUP.—A recipe for making the best cough syrup:—Take one ounce of thoroughwort, one ounce of slippery elm, one ounce of stick licorice, and one ounce of flaxseed. Simmer them together in one quart of water, until the strength is entirely exhausted, then strain carefully, and add one pint of best molasses, and a half pound of loaf sugar; simmer them all together, and when cold bottle up tight for use. This is the cheapest, best, and safest medicine for coughs in use. A few doses, of one tablespoonful at a time, will alleviate the most distressing lung cough. It soothes and allays irritation, and if continued in use, it will subdue any tendency to consumption. It breaks up entirely the whooping cough, and no better remedy can be found for croup, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 6, 15, 36, 20, 9, is a fruitful region between Joppa and Mount Carmel.
My 37, 33, was a city that Joshua completely destroyed.
My 34, 29, 5, 11, 25, 28, is the burial place of Tola.
My 4, 12, 35, 24, 19, is a town in Judea, a few miles east of Joppa.
My 23, 5, 38, 9, 37, 22, 15, 36, was one of Saul's companions.
My 2, 20, 25, 11, was a place distinguished for its wells and palm trees.
My 21, 30, 19, 1, 28, 5, is a city of Lycaonia.
My 13, 8, 28, 5, 14, was the great grandfather of Jacob.
My 7, 33, 11, 29, 16, 2, 30, is one of the epistles of Saul.
My 10, 27, 18, 9, 19, 9, was one of Helah's sons.
My 6, 36, 21, 31, 32, was one of Nadad's sons.
My 9, 3, 38, 2, 15, 9, 23, 10, 31, was the fifth child of Obed-edom.

My whole is a passage in one of Paul's epistles to the Corinthians. R. VASAY.

Lynneville, Morgan Co., Ill.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the summer's shower is o'er,
And fields are clothed in green,
When birds are singing in the grove,
My first's in the rainbow seen.

In Asia is my second,
Far o'er the ocean wave.
And when the sailor's lost at sea,
'Tis in his watery grave.

Seek not my third in shining gold,
Nor in transient earthly fame,
But in the abodes of poverty,
Where care and sorrow reign.

See ye the gleam of muskets bright,
'Mong hills and forest trees?
Hear ye the thunders of my whole,
Borne on the passing breeze?

Warren, Pa. HARP DAVIS.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of three numbers is 12; the sum of their cubes is 288, and the sum of their ninth powers is 10340352. Required—the numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a roll of cloth of 2 feet in diameter, consisting of cloth of ¼ inch in thickness each fold. What are the number of yards contained in the cloth when it is unrolled and stretched out?

☞ An answer is requested.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When 27 pounds of flour come to 74½ cents, how much can be bought for $2.64 at the same rate? JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If Adam's sons were alive, which of them would be drafted for the war? Ans.—The Abel-bodied one, of course.

☞ What musical instrument does a man who deals in fiddles, most resemble? Ans.—A violincello, (violin-seller.)

☞ Why didn't the last dove return to the ark? Ans.—Because she had *sufficient grounds* for remaining.

☞ Why is a man dead drunk like a piece of field artillery ready for action? Ans.—Because he's all limbered up.

☞ Why did William Tell shudder when he shot the apple from his son's head? Ans.—Because it was an arrow escape for his child.

☞ Why are mountains like invalids? Ans.—Because they look *peakish.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ranks first among our weekly journals. CHARADE—Kindred (kind red.) CHARADE—Slumber, lumber, umber. ANAGRAMS—Jones, Brown, Smith, Robinson, Cutler, Pitkin, Burton, Johnson, Jackson, Taylor, Bigelow, Sprague, Harris, Archer, Bicknel, Gilbert. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—8, 5, 4 and 3.

Answer to GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws.

Answer to RIDDLE, Oct. 4th, by Ruby Stewart, Franklin. O. F. ENSIGN.

Ashton, Mo.

Answer to PROBLEM, by R. T. M. K., published Oct. 4th, 500 gross of buttons will pay for the lines. S gets the best bargain; £1 on the whole; and also 8⅓ per cent.

Ashton, Mo. O. F. ENSIGN.

Answer to QUESTION in Saturday Evening Post, published Oct. 4th. Your age is 52 4-11 years, or 52 years and 4 4-11 months. O. F. ENSIGN.

Ashton, Mo.

I am not certain whether the grammatical meaning of the QUESTION, published Oct. 4th, is that the real age will then be in proportion 96 as 36 is to 66; or whether the age will be 96 in proportion as 66 is to 36. If the former is the understanding, then the real age would be 176. If the latter, only 52 4-11 years. However, I herewith give both answers, and let the readers of the Post decide which may properly be called the true one. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Answer to ENIGMA, published Sept. 13th. "Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence. JAMES C. DENISSON.

Answer to Artemas Martin's DIOPHANTINE QUESTION, published Oct. 4th. The numbers are 60, 80, 100, 120. JACOB HAFF.

Macomb Co., Mich.

Also answered by E. Hagerty, Baltimore.